The Outlook

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Santa Barbara's Disaster

SANTA BARBARA'S earthquake is remarkable among similar disasters in the small list of deaths compared with the collapse or injury of buildings and with the fact that the direst ruin was wrought in the central part of the city. The early hour of the shocks on June 29 and 30 fortunately found the business portion largely deserted. Unlike the San Francisco calamity of 1906, Santa Barbara escaped the terrible infliction of sweeping and all but uncontrollable fires. The financial and business loss is many millions—one estimate is $30,000,000.

Ole Hansen, famed as Seattle's Mayor in a time of civic stress, thus vividly reports one incident:

> I heard a great crash like an explosion and saw the walls of the power plant a block away fall, then a bright blue flame such as they use in movies at night lit up the heavens and then flashed out.
>
> Right behind me I heard a rending. Two blocks away I saw the walls of the New California Hotel lean over gradually and collapse, leaving the occupants lying safely in bed, some covered and some uncovered. They all escaped.

In response to our request, Edward A. Dickson, editor of the Los Angeles "Express," wired us a statement from which we quote the following:

> There is no need to attempt to minimize the severity of the disaster. And yet exaggerated reports may easily magnify the destruction. The Santa Barbara shock was confined to the smallest area of any similar disturbance recorded for decades. The entire damage was limited to a space not to exceed one square mile. Unfortunately, that space was the very center of the city's business district. But the people living in an adjoining town three miles away were unaware an earthquake had taken place. Although great damage was wrought, the injury was to the older and poorly built structures. No modern steel-frame or reinforced building was injured at all. Nor were the wooden buildings. The destruction was confined to the old-style brick buildings and concrete without reinforcement. On the ruins will arise at once modern-style, properly reinforced buildings. San Francisco in 1906 suffered from fire and earthquake because of defective building. Phœnixlike, she rose from her ashes a modern, indestructible city. To-day San Francisco can bid defiance to any temblors, for the reason that she has rebuilt solidly and securely. And Santa Barbara already is preparing to do the same. In two years the earthquake will be looked back upon as a blessing in disguise. The catastrophe in Japan only a few months ago wrought destruction to the flimsy structures of Tokyo. But in no single instance was any injury done the modern steel-frame American-constructed buildings of the Japanese capital.

And with the Californian's characteristic faith in California, Mr. Dickson adds:

> While earth temblors have been experienced in various parts of our southland in years past, none of a

International

What the people and the spirit of Santa Barbara have survived. (A picture by wire)

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serious character has occurred for a century. And we have here none of the other forms of nature's destructive forces, such as cyclone and blizzard. That is why Los Angeles and southern California are and will continue to be America's paradise.

It was evident from the first that relief from outside should be available. The President urged the War and Navy Departments to do all in their power, and found that they were already moving to that effect. The American Red Cross at once assigned emergency funds for immediate use and mobilized nurses and doctors from its Pacific coast centers.

Scientists differ both as to whether the Santa Barbara earthquake was related to the temblors and mountain slides in Montana and Wyoming that preceded it, and as to what was the cause of the California earthquake. Geologists find it easier to explain an earthquake by a slip in the faults of strata on a large scale than to explain just why this happens in each particular case.

Various regions, as Mr. Dickson suggests, are at times visited with devastations. In one place it may be a tornado; in another, an equally destructive though less spectacular heat wave; in another, a volcanic eruption; in another, a blizzard. None of these is controllable. As man confronts each test he shows his stage of progress not only by his ability to adapt himself to it physically but by his power to surmount its consequences with courage and faith.

The French Money Bill

CAILLAUX has undertaken to cure France of her financial ailment by a mixed dose. The bill which he pushed through first the Chamber of Deputies and then the Senate administers to France the drug of inflation tinctured with gold. Under this measure France takes her first step toward a gold basis by increasing her note circulation by six billion francs. When the Finance Commission, in reporting the bill, recognized the Senate's opposition to the inflation but said that this would be the last instance of it, it evoked laughter.

Though he enjoys no more popularity than he has had before, Caillaux has succeeded in getting the French Parliament to adopt his plan. The reason is not to be found in any trust in the man, but in the desperate need for something to be done. With the fall of the French franc some heroic measure was necessary.

Caillaux enjoys, moreover, the reputation of being a financial magician. If he can do anything to put France on her feet financially which another might not do, why not, argue the French, give him the chance to do it? Nothing has transpired to give color to this legend concerning Caillaux. Probably François-Marsal or Boknowski could have done quite as well. But no matter. France needs financial guidance wherever she can find it.

Debtor and Creditor

THE cool suggestion was made at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce at Brussels that the United States might be expected to provide Germany with money to pay reparations by reducing American tariffs so as to encourage exports from Germany. In its baldest form it was made by Sir Joshua Stamp, a British delegate. He released his own country from any obligation in the matter because of its free-trade policy. If one wanted to imitate Sir Joshua's international impertinence in prescribing conduct for another nation's affairs, it might be urged that this would be just the time for England to follow its Prime Minister's former protectionist leanings.

Sir Joshua's proposal brought out one of those semi-authorized statements which, when said by the press without contradiction to be from a spokesman for the administration, are fairly regarded as unofficial but correct. In this Sir Joshua's proposal is described as a left-handed attempt to make the taxpayers of America pay the German reparations, with the dry remark that there is no desire to produce unemployment in this country by changing the tariff to shift our productive prosperity to Germany. At the same time it is stated that "the President is under no delusions that the American people will be able to escape paying a full share of the cost of the war and its aftermath through the indirect toll compelled by economic laws."

The flurry at Brussels subsided when Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, American Agent-General for Reparations, and Mr. O'Leary, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, pointed out that the reparations settlement under the Dawes Plan was by no means in a desperate condition, and that both Germany and other nations abroad have every reason to support it. One way is to look international debts in the face and offer creditors (and that means chiefly the United States) some reasonable and possible plan of funding and ultimately meeting the obligations due.

A Polite Revolution

THERE was a courteous exchange of compliments in Athens when General Pangalos, now Premier by virtue of the will of the Greek army and navy expressed in a bloodless or "kid glove" revolution, took over the Government from his predecessor, Mr. Michalakopoulos. To the outer world the event is not momentous, although non-Greeks may derive some comfort in having a Prime Minister with a name easier to remember than those of Michalakopoulos, Papanastasiou (another former Premier), and Coundouriotis, the Provisional President.

The change of Ministry is a movement from more conservative to less conservative policy. It does not mean regret at the banishment of King George II. The people of Greece have too good a memory to forget the ills, defeats, and humiliation they have suffered at the hands of Constantine and his successor. They have no leader worthy to compare with Veniselos. Just now the political pendulum has swung back a little toward the military régime which preceded the formation of the Republic. This is due to the slowness of the Government in settling claims and quarrels with Bulgaria and Jugoslavia, but also to continuing resentment at the forced treaty with Turkey and its severe penalties upon Greece.

The Greeks look to Pangalos to improve conditions at home and abroad, but there is as yet no evidence that either he or they have any plan or workable policy to that end.

The American Victory in Army Polo

THE shadow of the American Army polo triumph at Hurlingham was cast on the beautiful fields of Nautilus at Miami Beach as long ago as last winter, when Major Beard assembled his forces, both two-legged and four-footed, and, in spite of distractions at the Florida resort, went into as carefully planned a season of preparation as was ever undertaken by any international team. It is apparent that the team, both men and mounts, reached their top form on the

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Torment. trouble, wonder

(Tempest, Act V, Scene 1)

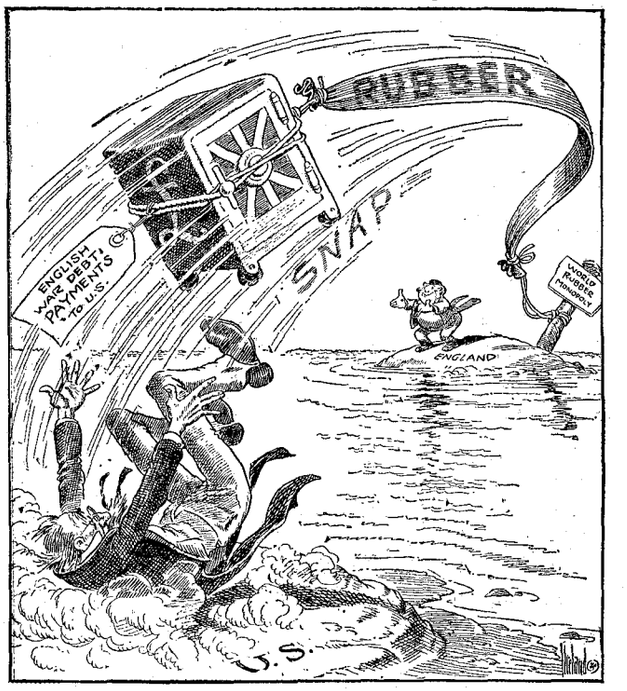
Orr in the Chicago Tribune

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright 1925 by the Chicago Tribune

Up the wrong tree

From Frank P. Connolly, Chicago, Ill.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



Taking it back

From R. E. Westfall, Columbus, Ohio

Sykes in the New York Wall Street Journal

While the sun shines

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

S. S. Byck in the New York Commercial

" That soothing, cooling flavor "

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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day of the first match with the British cavalrymen. It was, indeed, one of the best peace-time jobs ever done under Army auspices, and will have a far-reaching effect on international sport as well as on polo in this country.

For many years our American internationalists have been drawn from the ranks of the wealthy civilians, while in England the game has steadily clung to its military atmosphere. An invading British team without a preponderance of soldier players is no team at all, as was amply proved two years ago when England sent over a civilian four in quest of our open championship.

It is hoped in the course of the next few years that Army polo will continue its steady development, and that the next American Big Four, due to take the field in the course of two years, in the big international match, which is supposed to represent the best in both civilian and military polo, will boast of at least one American Army horseman.

The cavalry was first to get the Army play in motion in this country. Since then the game has prospered among the field artillerymen, and they are proud of the fact that they were well represented on the winning four abroad.

P. & A. Photos

"Big Jim" Barnes, the Anglo-American golfer, who won the British open championship at Prestwick. His home course is that of the Temple Terrace Club at Tampa, Florida.

Economic Swaraj

IN the peaceful process of "Indianizing India" there is to-day, we fear, a setback. Lord Reading, the Viceroy, is in London, discussing the situation with Lord Birkenhead, the Secretary of State, and it is assumed that the policy to be adopted will be what the extremists in India, at any rate, will denounce as "a reaction." Even Mr. Montagu, the author of "the reforms," realized some time before he died that they stood at a discount. And the early close of his too brief career was embittered by chagrin.

In a chapter of accidents it is more useful to state the facts than to apportion the blame. Indignant over the Rowlatt Acts, which restricted freedom of speech and the press, and enraged by the Amritsar massacre, the Nationalists followed Gandhi in his plan of non-co-operation and even imposed a boycott of the Prince of Wales. Gandhi has frankly admitted that as a political leader he failed. His propaganda, however altruistic in terms, led to those breaches of the peace for which Gandhi suffered penances at once so frequent and so prolonged. Boldly prophesied dates on which the British would evacuate India passed with the British still the masters of the country. And on going to prison, Gandhi learned, as Savonarola learned, that a mob which clamors for magic is ill satisfied with a mere martyrdom. In criticism of England Moslem and Hindu were for a time united, but when it came to a constructive programme of social advance their rivalry broke out again. A reconciled citizenship has not yet triumphed over sectarian animosities.

As leader of the National Movement, Gandhi, with his policy, was superseded. After all, it was not easy to deal with an idealist who in his more exalted moments talked of abolishing all contact with Western civilization and of saving India by the Ruskinian resort to khaddar, or hand-woven cotton! How was it possible to stand for a plea that India be defended, not by an army, but by the offer of hand looms to the Afghans, who in manufacturing khaddar would be too busy to fight? As a Mahatma Gandhi retained his devotees. But the Indian National Congress demanded a practical politician—that is, C. R. Das.

The practical policy was "Swaraj." In the elections of eighteen months ago the Nationalist was not to abstain from voting but was to capture the Councils and, by entering them, to "end or mend" the Constitution. In an outspoken letter Ramsay MacDonald, on becoming Prime Minister, warned "Swaraj" that a Labor Government would maintain British authority.

The plan of wrecking the Constitution from within has proved to be somewhat perplexing. The Nationalists discovered that on many occasions independent Indian members of the legislatures voted with the Government, deciding questions on their merits. In April, therefore, of this year C. R. Das issued a manifesto calling for an abandonment of mere obstruction. He reversed his previous approval of the assassination of a British member of the Indian Civil Service. And he declared: "To the young men of Bengal, I say, Drop violence, fight clean." The British, on their side, were to "drop repression."

This gesture may or may not have greatly impressed Lord Reading, who—a patient man—had been roused to firm action by Bengalee outrages. In any event, Mr. Das recently died. And as leader he has been succeeded by J. M. Sen Gupta, who, mistrusting Lord Birkenhead, has resumed vituperation against the British Government. It is reported from London that the Birkenhead-Reading negotiations mean an end for the present to new concessions of political liberty and a restoration of the British to the Indian Civil Service.

To persuade the honor men of Oxford and Cambridge again to invest their lives in the Raj as a career is the aim of the India Office. And the Lee Report on that bureaucracy will, it is hoped, remove various grievances. One factor in the case is that India has emerged from her industrial depression. Educated Indians are making, not hand-woven cotton, but money. And they prefer it. The poverty of India is still deplorable. But there is no remedy for that except production.

Douglas as Don Q

"A ROMANTIC melodrama," is the phrase used by Douglas Fairbanks himself to describe his new photo-play, "Don Q, Son of Zorro." The audience at its production in New York seemed equally pleased with the romance of the first half and the excessive melodrama of the second. Both parts are liberally supplied with the marvels of agility without which no performance by Mr. Fair-

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banks would be complete, and by which all of us, old children as well as young, are for the moment, at least, naïvely pleased.

The novelty of the play is the long, sinuous stock whip used by Australian cattlemen to-day. As wielded by our hero it plays strange tricks, ensnares enemies, and snatches away from the villain the card which proves Don Q's innocence of the murder of which he is accused. One might almost say that the whip shares the honors with Douglas. Its possibilities are exhibited on the open stage by an expert as part of a prologue in which Spanish dancing, music, and costume are used effectively. The incidental music throughout is appropriate and well done.

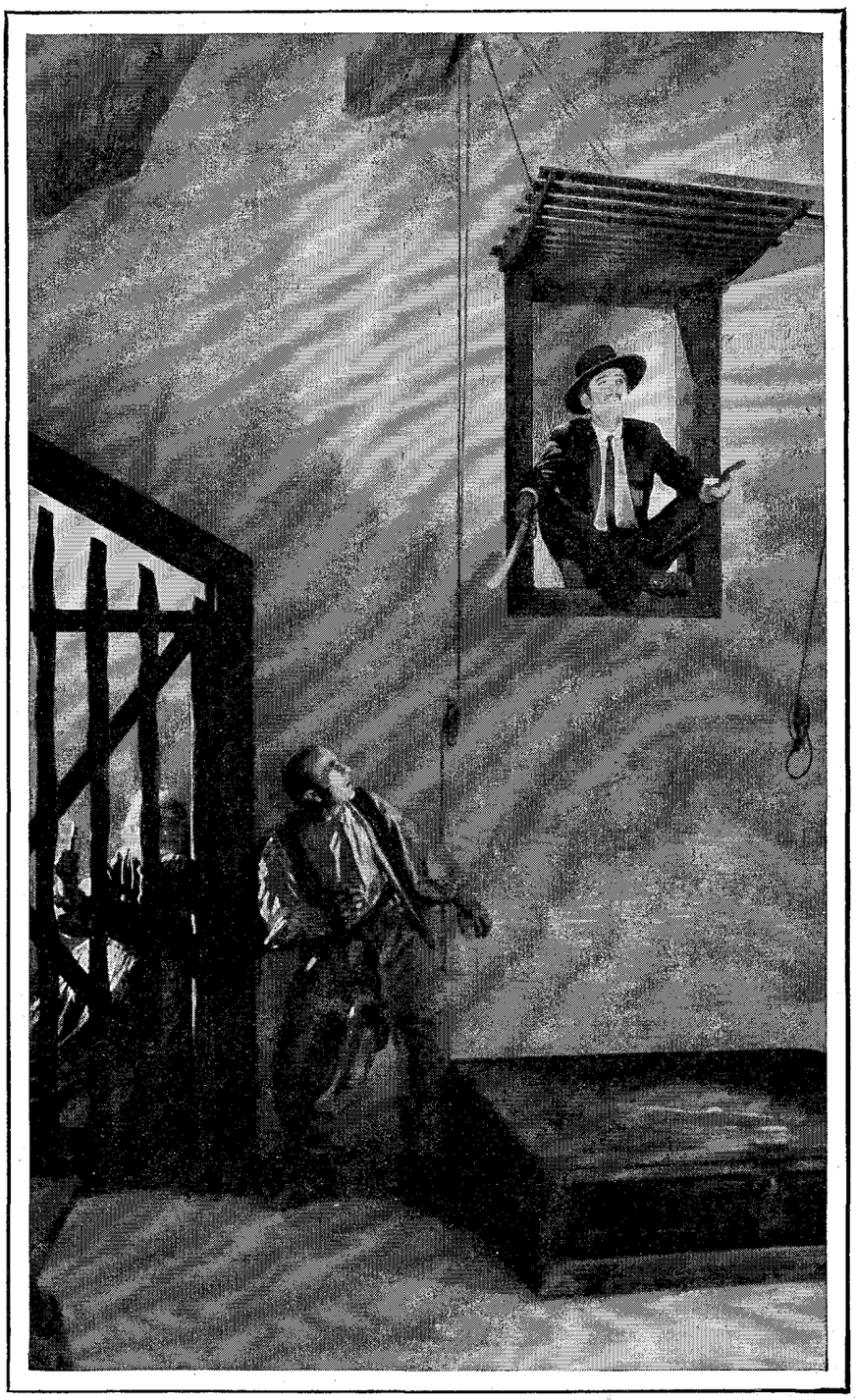
"Don Q," like its popular predecessor, "The Mark of Zorro," has the background of early California, although the action takes place in Spain. Mr. Fairbanks plays the parts of son and father with skill and illusive force. Indeed, there is not a little good acting in the play; Mary Astor as Dolores, Mr. Oland as the sportive Austrian Archduke (whose sudden killing ends the romance and begins the melodrama with startling suddenness), and two or three others are excellent, for this is by no means a one-part play.

There is glamour as well as gymnastics in "Don Q," novelty as well as excitement. It will beyond question have a great run. But it has a fault common to many well-filmed and costly photoplays in that it piles up the action too fast and furiously at the end instead of developing a really dramatic and unified plot.

"The Bugaboo of Annexation"

DURING the past few weeks two remarkable statements—remarkable because so completely opposed—have been made in England in regard to the future of Canada. One was by an anonymous writer in the "Spectator," and the other by Sir Robert Falconer, President of Toronto University, in the course of a lecture at Oxford. The position taken up by the "Spectator" correspondent will, to say the least, come as something new to most people in the United States. He insists that on both sides of the border annexation is not only a question very much alive but that the possibility of such a development is almost imminent. Powerful forces, he maintains, are at work; United States capital is to an enormous extent invested in Canada, and every year the sum grows greater, while the advocates of Pan-Americanism are tireless in their efforts. "Its elaborate organization in Washington seldom sleeps," he declares. "It has no direct connection with the American Government, yet American politicians wink at operations of the Pan-American Bureau within a stone's throw of the Capitol."

Well, it is not too much to say that to any one who knows England and knows Canada and knows the United States such statements must appear to be, what they are, mere scare-mongering. It is perfectly true that the interests of Canada and the interests of the United States tend to approximate ever more closely; that as Canada consciously develops that full independence of action achieved by her, along with the other British Dominions, since the war, she will be brought into still closer connection with the United States. But between this and annexation there is a wide gulf fixed, and one that is not likely to be bridged. The United States does not want Canada, and the people of Canada, justly proud of their place in and the



Douglas Fairbanks in one of those poses which he usually assumes when he is about to leap from somewhere to somewhere else

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part they have played in the upbuilding of the British Empire, do not want to throw in their lot with the United States. As William Morris Hughes, of Australia, remarked wisely enough to a representative of this paper some time ago, speaking of the Japanese question, "A man may like a friend immensely without feeling any desire to ask that friend to come and live with him permanently."

This was practically the attitude taken by Sir Robert Falconer at Oxford. He recalled how when President Harding, a few days before his death, visited British Columbia, the first American President to visit the Dominion, he was received with a welcome that no other ruler than King George himself would have been given as the representative of a people with virtually the same ideals and institutions. Yet President Harding, far from seeing in this any revival of the theory of annexation, regarded it rather as proof of a fear outgrown. No passage in the President's speech, it may be ventured, touched a more responsive chord on both sides of the border than that in which he said: "The bugaboo of annexation having become extinct long ago, let us go our own way along parallel roads, you helping us and we helping you." And he turned the subject off with a request that Canada should not attempt to annex the United States.

British Justice and American Hijackers

BRITISH justice, with American attorneys looking on, has again maintained its tradition for swiftness.

This time the victims happened to be citizens of the United States, engaged in violations of the British laws while, by their own testimony, preparing to violate those of their own country. Two American hijackers plying their trade along the international boundary-line between the State of Washington and the Canadian province of British Columbia have learned, at enormous cost, the traditional difference between legal technicalities as practiced in the American courts and in British courts.

On June 19 Owen Baker and Harry Sowash, residents of Seattle, were sentenced in the Victoria Assize Court to hang for the murder of William G. Gillis and his seventeen-year-old son, William E. Gillis. According to the testimony, the murders were committed one evening last September while the Gillises were engaged in rum-running from Vancouver Island to the Washington coast in Georgian Strait.

A few weeks after the launch Beryl G., which had been operated by the Gillises, was found adrift off Victoria British Columbia officers arrested Paul Stromkins, who confessed complicity and told how he, Baker, Sowash, and Charles Morris, also a resident of Seattle, had conspired to hijack the cargo of liquor carried by the Beryl G. and "cache" it in one of the numerous coves along Puget Sound for illicit sale in the State of Washington.

Stromkins related to the officers how in a fight which ensued aboard the launch Gillis and his son were shot to death, their bodies bound together, weighted with a grappling anchor and a heavy chain, dragged from the deck of their boat, and sunk in a hundred fathoms of water. British Columbia officials had the waters of Georgian Strait dragged, but the bodies of the slain men were never recovered.

The officers knew the whereabouts of Charles Morris, implicated by Stromkins, and he was immediately arrested in Seattle. His extradition was ordered in a State court in Seattle. He immediately sought a writ of habeas corpus in the United States District Court in Seattle, and upon its denial appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and has so far escaped extradition. Baker was captured in New York and Sowash in New Orleans. They did not fight the extradition orders of the committing Federal magistrates and were returned by British Columbia officials to Victoria, Baker in February and Sowash in March last.

The Corpus Delicti

AT the trial of Baker and Sowash the point of the absence of the *corpus delicti* was among the first raised by defense attorneys. They claimed that the absence of the bodies of the victims left a doubt as to whether murder had been committed or, in fact, whether the Gillises were actually dead. The Court ruled that the statement of the circumstances of the murder by the witness Stromkins was enough to prove the *corpus delicti*. Sowash, in a large part, corroborated the testimony of Stromkins and appeared to seek to place the blame for the actual killing on Baker.

Stromkins, the Crown's prosecuting witness, was granted immunity for his evidence. He was indicted for murder by the grand jury. Upon his arraignment, however, the prosecuting attorney told the Court he had no evidence upon which to try Stromkins and recommended his dismissal. The Court accepted the recommendation; Stromkins was dismissed and the other cases were immediately called. Stromkins took the stand against the others. A jury deliberated seventy minutes and returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. All this was done between Monday morning and Friday afternoon.

American attorneys, engaged by the British Columbia Government, assisted the Crown in the prosecution. Others acted as observers for Washington State enforcement officials. It was the first time in which persons engaged in rum-running along the international border in the Northwest had faced capital charges. These American attorneys, upon their return to the United States, expressed doubt as to whether, under the same circumstances, convictions would have been secured in American courts.

American attorneys who observed the case in court wagged their heads and suggested that the hijackers picked "the wrong side" of the international border for the safety of their enterprise.

Enforcement in Earnest

THERE have been encouraging indications within the past year that the Washington Government is taking its responsibilities under the prohibition laws more seriously than it has done since the passage of that measure.

The active campaign against the rum fleet is now followed by a reorganization of the Federal Prohibition Enforcement Forces which ought to bring about much closer co-operation between the Treasury and the Department of Justice.

Under the new arrangement, the enforcement service in the Treasury is divided among twenty-two areas which coincide with the jurisdictions of the Federal District Courts. A radical shake-up of personnel is indicated and a concentration of Government energy upon the sources of supply of the illegitimate liquor trade is foreshadowed. If the plan works out as it is intended, legitimate users of alcohol will be relieved of the handicaps under which they have suffered and fly-by-night concerns whose only purpose is to divert alcohol from industrial channels into the beverage trade will find their difficulties greatly increased.

In each of the twenty-two new dis-

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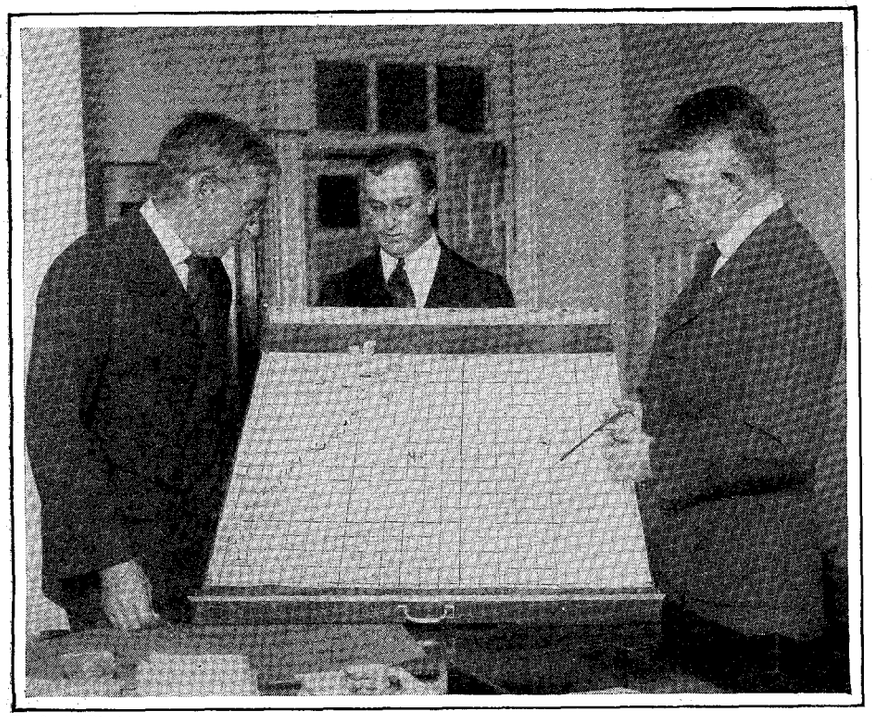

P. & A. Photos

The Government forces are approaching their war upon the liquor navy with military precision. Here are General Andrews (left) and Rear-Admiral F. C. Billard, Commander of the U. S. Coast Guard (right), surveying a chart showing the strategic disposal of the Government vessels and their enemies along the Atlantic coast

tricts there will be a prohibition administrator appointed, who will be responsible for the enforcement of the law and for all personnnel within his district. His staff will include an assistant directly responsible for the granting of permits, and another in charge of criminal investigation. It is hoped to cut down the forces in Washington, and thereby increase greatly the active field workers.

The plan has all the earmarks of a genuine attempt to face the serious situation the existence of which has been clearly shown by Mr. Mandeville's series of articles in The Outlook.

Deal with the Tuchuns

FOR generations the civilized Powers have been thwarted in their search for some responsible authority in China with which they can deal. The fact that on many occasions they have sought profit at Chinese expense has not aided them in their search. In the old days of the Empire envoys of the Powers often had to cool their heels while waiting the pleasure of the nominal ruler of China. They persisted, however, through the years in their policy of doing business—or trying to do business—with Peking. Even when they came to make agreements they frequently found that Peking had no real command of China as a whole. The Imperial throne proved to be hardly more than a highly decorated symbol of a cultural unity.

Now the situation has changed. The attitude of the Powers, particularly since the Washington Conference, is very different from that of those same Powers not many years ago. In a recent Associated Press despatch it is stated:

> The Powers to-day suggested to the Chinese Government negotiations to settle the Shanghai questions and for a discussion of conditions generally in China. . . . It was understood that the Diplomatic Corps will propose that a delegation representing the United States, France, and Italy discuss questions of the administration of their concessions in Shanghai with a view of meeting the Chinese desires.

Such an expression as the last phrase, "with a view of meeting the Chinese desires," has seldom found its way into the communications of the Powers to China. It indicates the changes in attitude of Occidental nations toward the Orient, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the new consciousness of power which has developed recently among Oriental peoples, and particularly among the Chinese.

If conciliation is really to be substituted for exploitation on the part of Occidental nations and if the people of China are not merely to be entertained with the thought of power but are really to exercise it through some governmental means, a way must be found by which agreements between the Chinese and the other peoples of the world can not only be made but also be held to fulfillment.

Now it happens that during the past five years, while the Chinese have developed a new sense of their own power, as exemplified in the boycotts of 1919 and 1920, the national Government in China has lost whatever semblance of reality it ever had and has ceased to be more than a name.

If an international conference were called to consider the questions at issue, as, for instance, those growing out of the actual disturbances in Shanghai and other Chinese cities, it would be impossible for the Powers to mend matters without granting some of the Chinese demands concerning the revision of the tariffs, extra-territoriality, concessionary rights, and a further relinquishment of Chinese territory held by the Powers. But acquiescence in such demands cannot be made under present circumstances without imperiling the property and, what is more important, the lives of foreigners in China. It is safe to say that the consequent catastrophe would not only be injurious to Occidental interests but to the interests of the Chinese themselves.

Since there is no central government in China which the Powers can hold responsible, the Powers have both the right and the duty to look elsewhere for responsible Chinese authority.

They should therefore deal directly with the tuchuns who are in authority over the several provinces.

To ask the present Government in Peking to restore order throughout the country that the Chinese may get their demands would mean only more postponement. To say to the provincial authorities, however, that Chinese desires will be met in any province that restores order sufficiently to guarantee the lives and property of foreigners is to place responsibility where it is most likely to be met.

Shansi Province, for example, in the midst of chaos has developed a peaceful and progressive programme. Bandits do not harass its towns, nor do revolutions periodically overturn its government. Most of the children are in school. Good

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President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge with Rob Roy, the White House collie, on the lawn at "White Court," the house in Swampscott, Massachusetts, which is to be the President's summer home

roads have been extended. Opium is almost driven out. Graft is rare. And there is honesty in the collecting and administering of the taxes. To meet the full demands of the Chinese in this territory, which has been for ten years governed by General Yen Hsi-shan, would be a matter of but a short time.

There is precedent for thus dealing with the provinces. It was in this way that the country—even though but temporarily—was rid of opium. Britain's agreement with China to cut down importations of opium as China reduced the area cultivated placed the primary responsibility upon the provincial authorities.

Is it not time for the Powers to recognize the hopeless weakness of any so-called national government in China and definitely abandon all pretense that it can ever be held to fulfill its obligations? Does not respect for the Chinese demand that other peoples deal with them as they really are? Should not the Powers deal with the authority which the Chinese themselves recognize?

Skeletons

IN the Belgian Abbey of Neumoustier, at Huy, which is now a garden, some workmen, digging up the cloisters, have uncovered the skeleton of Peter the Hermit, who has been credited, not too truthfully, with inspiring the first crusades. Riding his sacred ass and exhorting the manhood of Picardy to rescue poor palmers at Jerusalem from the insults of the Turk, Peter was bolder in word than he showed himself in deed. The severities of the siege of Antioch cooled his fervor and, quitting the city by stealth, he fled home—to quote Guibert of Nogent—like "a fallen star."

Still the question does arise whether even Peter the Hermit, coward though he was, might not now be permitted to rest in peace. Have we really a right to turn the dead in their graves? Against the unveiling of King Tutankhamen it is said that King George himself has protested—and with reason. Monarchs never know. Revolution sometimes anticipates their resurrection, and only this year the head of Henri Quatre, preserved in glass, was sold by auction for 100 francs. It is true that some of his hair had been used by Jacobins for false mustaches; but the price suggested that in Paris, at any rate, royalty is at a discount. Possibly, London offers a better market for relics. The vest which King Charles the Martyr wore on the scaffold recently fetched 250 guineas. And, unlike the franc, the guineas stood at par.

Rightly does Shakespeare refer to England as "this teeming womb of royal kings." You never know where your spade may uplift some majestic ankle. In the Abbey Church of Sherborne there are buried no fewer than two kings, Ethelbald and Ethelbert, brothers of Alfred the Great; and last month Ethelbert again saw the light of day. And not long ago the skeleton of King Richard III was found in the Abbey of the Gray Friars at Leicester and deposited in the town museum. Proud monarchs do not like to think of immortality as a glass case. They do not admit that to their fame there can ever be a statute of limitations. It is true that the crook-backed Richard was accused of murdering King Henry VI; also his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who was drowned inadvertently in a butt of malmsey ale; and, finally, the little princes in the Tower, King Edward V and the Duke of York. But is the town museum at Leicester quite the place in which honor should be paid to an anointed sovereign? After all, the little princes, when discovered in a staircase of the Tower, were replaced in Westminster Abbey. May not an affectionate uncle join them?

The sad case of Peter the Hermit shows that saints are no more immune from a premature resurrection than sovereigns. The latest case affects St. Cuthbert of Durham. Tradition says that he is buried behind the high altar of the Cathedral, but in "Marmion" Sir Walter Scott tells us that, according to Catholic tradition, the Benedictines exhumed their patron and buried him elsewhere in the church, the precise spot being known to three monks of the order only at any given time. Dean Welldon, of Durham, therefore, has challenged the Benedictines to disclose their secret before a jury representing the Roman and Anglican faiths. He will then permit the masons to test the alleged sepulcher with their pickaxes. As St. Cuthbert was buried at Melrose and several other places before he reached Durham, it must be confessed that his posthumous career has been somewhat peripatetic.

With heretics the trouble is that sometimes they are not buried at all. It is true that Darwin sleeps with kings and queens in Westminster Abbey, but that was because, despite evolution, he was a good husband and excellent father! But Lenine is condemned to a perpetual lying-in-state. And even Voltaire is but imperfectly interned in the Panthéon. For when, one day last year, they dusted his bust in the Bibliothèque National, they discovered at its back a silver plate, engraved with the words, "Cœur de Voltaire," behind which was a wooden box.

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In the box was a golden heart which, when shaken, was found to contain liquid! Voltaire's heart was thus preserved in spirits.

To some among the illustrious these post-mortem vicissitudes will suggest arguments for cremation. Bishop Gore has boldly asserted that this rite transgresses no theological dogma, and he states further that the opposition of the Roman Church is based, not on grounds of faith, but of custom only. No one who has visited the catacombs of Paris, packed as they are with grimly arranged bones taken from the various cemeteries of the city, will feel that respect for the anatomy of an ancestor survives many centuries of social change. After all, it is the soul in man that matters. And it was only the English public school boy who, inspired by Nordic intellectuality, translated *De mortuis, nil nisi bonum* into the words, "Among the dead, there is nothing but bone."

Sex in Art

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN an article on Emily Dickinson, which appeared in these columns about a month ago, I asked the question, Why have women written so little enduring poetry? I mentioned the work of Sappho and Mrs. Browning as an indication that the limitations of poetic genius are not merely limitations of sex. And I suggested that some one might make an anthology of poems by women to be called "A Silver Treasury of Women's Songs and Lyrics," in imitation of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which does not contain, if my recollection is correct, a single poem by a woman.

My question and suggestion have brought me several interesting letters. One correspondent objects to the title "A Silver Treasury of Women's Songs and Lyrics" on the ground that it is tautological, songs and lyrics being merely different names for the same thing. Admitting the soft impeachment, and hoping that my correspondent will make the anthology and with it a better title than I have succeeded in inventing, I pass on to one or two other letters.

Gently correcting my ignorance of any existing anthology of poems by women, a friendly lady in Washington sends me nine cards from the catalogue of the Library of Congress recording books all of which deal with the subject of "poetesses" or "female poets" and most of which are anthological in character. There is, for example, a volume entitled "Pearls from the American Female Poets" which were gathered fifty years ago and strung together by one Caroline May, an English spinster who, I happen to know, adopted this country as her home and was a lover of the poets, especially Dante. The special claim to distinction to which she felt she was entitled was her youthful acquaintanceship with Gustave Doré, the great French illustrator who furnished the gruesome pictures for a monumental edition of Dante's "Inferno."

Another anthology, earlier than Miss May's, was one published in Boston in 1837. It was "prepared especially for young ladies" by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, with the elaborate and almost anatomical title of "The Ladies' Wreath; A Selection from the Female Poetic Writers of England and America."

In 1857 Thomas Buchanan Read (who was the author of "Sheridan's Ride," declaimed by thousands upon thousands of American schoolboys, and who, although a male poet, was enough of a poet to have known better than to use physiological terms in connection with his art) edited "The Female Poets of America: With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings."

There is also in the Library of Congress an anthology of poems by Indian women translated from Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindi, Tamil, and other Indic languages. Perhaps the most interesting of these nine library cards is that which describes, not a book, but a catalogue of a sale which was held many years ago in a London auction-room familiar, sometimes with associations of happiness and sometimes with associations of despair, to all book collectors. It deserves reprinting in full and reads as follows:

> Catalogue of the extraordinary library, unique of its kind, formed by the late Rev. F. J. Stainforth, consisting entirely of works of British and American poetesses, and female dramatic writers, together with some interesting unpublished manuscripts and autograph letters . . . which will be sold at auction, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge . . . on . . . the 1st, of July, 1867, and five following days . . . [London] Printed by J. Davy & Sons [1867]. Interleaved; prices and purchaser's names in margin.

It is difficult to say which is the more comically offensive term—"poetess" or "female poet." Art is the one domain of life which is and ought to be asexual. Only the grammatically prudish say pianiste for pianist, or songstress for singer, or female painter for painter. Usage gives some sanction to sculptress, and necessity compels us to distinguish the sex in actor and actress because dramatic representation is necessarily sexual while dramatic creation is not. The heroine of a play must be an actress, but the writer of a play, although a woman, is its author, not its authoress. I am not so sure that the title which I suggested for an anthology of poetry by women, tautological as it may be, is not more artistic than those which try to preserve a sex distinction between poets and poetesses.

These observations on the folly of maintaining the differentiation between male and female in creative art quite naturally bring me to another letter from a lady in Montana, who tells me very courteously that I ought not to expect women to write poetry, or compose music, or paint pictures, or carve marble, because they are so deeply engaged in greater creative work—that of perpetuating the race. "Not until the stars have altered their courses and womankind has laid down her crown of motherhood will the greatest painters, sculptors, and poets be other than men." There is a great deal of truth in this. Bernard Shaw, in one of the most amusingly satirical but least known of his plays, "Press Cuttings," puts it a little differently. General Mitchener is having an argument with his charwoman at the War Office in London:

> *Mitchener.* When a man has risked his life on eight battlefields, Mrs. Farrell, he has given sufficient proof of his self-control to be excused a little strong language.
>
> *Mrs. Farrell.* Would you put up

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with bad language from me because I've risked me life eight times in childbed?

Mitchener. My dear Mrs. Farrell, you surely would not compare a risk of that harmless domestic kind to the fearful risks of the battlefield.

Mrs. Farrell. I wouldn't compare risks run to bear livin' people into the world to risks run to blow dhem out of it. A mother's risk is jooty: a soldier's is nothing but devilmint.

Mitchener (nettled). Let me tell you, Mrs. Farrell, that if the men did not fight, the women would have to fight themselves. We spare you that, at all events.

Mrs. Farrell. You can't help yourselves. If three-quarters of you was killed we could replace you with the help of the other quarter. If three-quarters of us was killed how many people would there be in England in another generation? If it wasn't for that the men'd put the fightin' on us just as they put all the other dhrudgery. What would you do if we was all kilt? Would you go to bed and have twins?

It goes, of course, without argument that the woman who has the capacity to bear and rear a family is doing the bravest and greatest creative work in the world, from which she ought not to be diverted. But the point under discussion is not whether woman ought to write more enduring poetry but whether she can. That she has not done so is explained, I think, not by the prime function of her sex or by any physiological reasons, but by the long centuries of suppression of her intellectual faculties. Mary Somerville, the great English mathematician, had to study mathematics secretly because a scientific career was considered by the English gentry, to which social group she belonged, to be unwomanly.

Where women have been free, or have struggled for their own freedom, they have taken high and sometimes the highest rank in certain fields of creative art. Jane Austen, George Eliot, and perhaps Mrs. Stowe in fiction; Jenny Lind and Lilli Lehmann in song; Rosa Bonheur and Cecilia Beaux in painting; Teresa Carreño and Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler as pianists; Maria Mitchell in astronomy; Mary Somerville and Marie Curie in physical science; and Queen Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia in statesmanship, are some of the names of women of great creative genius that will come at once into the mind of any one thinking, not merely about the achievements, but about the intellectual capacities of women.

It is a puzzling question. If woman has reached the level of Rosa Bonheur in painting, why can she not rise still higher to the level of Rembrandt and Velasquez? If she has reached the level of Carreño in the performance of music, why can she not rise to the level of Chopin as a composer? Are her limitations in creative art those surmountable ones of education and experience or are they the inherent and immutable limitations of sex?

German Promises and Fulfillment

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

SINCE the war, as a guaranty of Germany's good faith in meeting her treaty promises, the Allied Powers have occupied the Rhine's left bank. The northern part is known as the Cologne zone. According to the Versailles Treaty, it was to have been returned to Germany last January had she fulfilled the promises signed by her in that document.

Her financial promises, as they now exist under the Dawes Plan, are being promptly met. Not so her military promises. Indeed, so flagrantly has she evaded them as abundantly to justify the Allied note dated June 2 and delivered two days later in Berlin by the representatives of England, France, Belgium, Italy, and Japan. It shows, in a more detailed way than anything so far has done, Germany's determination to maintain the essentials of a large-scale military organization capable of offensive action. The Versailles Treaty provided for an exclusively small-scale military organization for the maintenance of order on German territory and for the defense of German frontiers.

Before the zone was to have been returned to Germany the Allied Powers informed the Berlin Government that Germany's extent of fulfillment of her promises did not justify them in granting the evacuation, and that they were awaiting the Interallied Military Control Commission's final report before advising Germany of what remained for her to do—just as if she did not know! This report has since been received and examined. I have read its full text, and have observed that, from its information, the Allied note points out treaty infractions in connection, among others, with the following subjects:

Size of Army

ARTICLE 160 of the Treaty prescribes that the German army should not exceed seven divisions of infantry and three of cavalry. This article, says the note, has been complied with. Good. Yet in reading its *texte intégral* I did not discover that to each division the Germans have attributed three of those of their old army corps and that at mobilization each battalion would become a regiment and each regiment a division, all being multiplied by three.

Moreover, Article 160 stipulates that the army shall not exceed 100,000 men. Officially this stipulation has been met. But, as the note justly adds, many men have been serving short enlistment periods, bringing the total number in excess of 100,000. The note might have quoted the statement of Herr Gessler, Minister of War. He admitted the inclusion of short-term recruits towards the close of 1923, Germany being, he claimed, on the verge of civil war. But, with the passing of this danger, he affirmed, the short-term system came to an end. If so, how does it happen, as a Bavarian paper informs us, that Prince Albrecht, Prince Rupprecht's son, has just entered the infantry for a course before beginning his university studies? Unfortunately, nothing in the note, I find, records the number of such recruits since the war. German recognition of the accuracy of the Allies' criticism and their demands for the complete abolition of temporary enlistment is indicated, as I expected it would be, by the proportionate lack of angry German reaction in this respect.

Furthermore, Article 160 suppresses the General Staff. To circumvent this article the Germans have instituted an analogous organization, the Heeresleitung. The Powers demand that this veiled General Staff be suppressed also and that the powers of the Commander-

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in-Chief be canceled, he being again placed in his former position as Chief of Staff under a civilian War Minister. The Germans deny the reconstruction of the General Staff, even protesting that the Interallied Military Control Commission assented to the present army régime. I do not attach much importance to their indignant reaction on this subject. Even if the veiled General Staff were suppressed and General von Seekt dethroned, the present actual army work could proceed by private councils, and the General's authority—given the Government's subservience to the army—would be practically the same.

Finally, Article 160 forbids other formations for war preparation. The note points out, however, that organizations for such preparation do exist under the form of quasi-military societies, such, for example, as the Stahlhelm, the Wehrwolf, and the Jung Deutscher Orden, whose members number *several million,* that the army even places rifle ranges for their use, and that in many cases their members enjoy periods of instruction with the army. The societies, the note declares, must be disbanded.

Administrative Service

Article 161 requires the reduction of the administrative service to a fraction of the number provided for in the 1913 Budget. The Allies in their note assert that there are 250 functionaries and much civilian labor in excess of this estimate, and demand that they be lopped off.

Police

Article 162 deals with police restrictions. By a concession made in 1920 at their Boulogne meeting, the Allies raised the total from 92,000 to 150,000 on condition that the organization preserve its essentially regional and municipal character. It has not. In addition, there is an excess of 30,000 men over the 150,000. Moreover, bodies of auxiliary police, such as the Hilfspolizei and the Notpolizei, have been formed. Furthermore, part of the police are organized and instructed militarily. The Germans stoutly resist the demilitarization demand. They contend that it would cripple the organization and put the nation in peril. Finally, the personnel is engaged for twelve years, just as are the soldiers, instead of being engaged for life. The quartering of the police in military barracks would, it was prophesied, also elicit the Allies' veto. Instead of this, they have—wisely, I think—consented to such quartering in the larger centers of population where subversive risings might occur.

Munition Manufacture

Article 168 provides for the manufacture of arms and munitions and war material as limited to certain specified factories. The note affirms that some non-authorized factories have made war material and are in position to make more; a list of factories where this is still carried on is added. More, apparently, than in the case of other demands, the Germans are resisting the Allies' request for the readjustment of industrial plants, agreeably with treaty provision, and for the destruction of certain machinery, easily transformable for war purposes, on the ground that the Government will have to make good the losses suffered by the owners of these plants and that the burden will affect the Dawes Plan's operation. The loss is estimated at no less than $250,000,000. This figure, doubtless officially inspired, exceeds by $50,000,000 the amount of the Dawes loan. The real reason for the Allies' demand, say the Germans sarcastically, is the desire of the victors to cripple German industrial competition.

Surrender of Material

Article 169 provides for the delivery or destruction of excess war material. The note gives a list of material delivered or destroyed—for example, 11,615 mine-throwers, 12,300,000 bombs, etc. But there are sufficient spare parts to assemble 15,000 complete rifles or carbines and an analogous situation exists as to pistols, swords, and bayonets. There is a more serious surplus in machine guns. A quantity of hidden material still exists and must be destroyed.

Such is the Allies' rejoinder to Germany's assertion that she is incapable of making war and that her supposed excess and secret armament is only a "legend."

Yet President von Hindenburg and Chancellor Luther are reported as saying that the issue must be met honorably. I hope it will be. Given the actual circumstances all round, I dare almost even to expect that it will be.

Last January the German Government declared that if its default in fulfilling treaty terms were proved it would do its best speedily to attain the necessary practical result. From his long army experience the President probably knows as well as any one how hard it is for the Government to impose its authority on the War Office. Hence there is point in the Allied phrase that the action requested requires nothing more than "good will on the part of the German Government *and* the German authorities."

The text of the note is remarkable for three things: (1) It does not mention the word "disarmament." (2) It has not the character of an ultimatum. (3) It does not refer, as did the previous Allied note, to the obstruction by the German military authorities to the Control Commission in pursuit of its investigations. Moreover, the tone of the note is studiously moderate. Even when indignation would have been in place it simply says:

> The Allied Governments cannot leave unchallenged the allegation contained in the German note of January 6 that the non-evacuation of the Cologne zone . . . constituted a measure of reprisal. . . . Such a contention . . . shows complete misapprehension of the bearing of Articles 428 and 429 of the Treaty. It was for the German Government, by faithfully fulfilling its obligations, to earn the benefit of the first zone of occupation, as provided by Article 429. . . . The Allied Governments are . . . prepared . . . to order its evacuation so soon as the breaches of the Treaty . . . have been made good.

German comment on German defaults and on the Allied demands, as a whole, is interesting. Of course the Nationalist newspapers are furious. They talk about the attack on Germany's "honor," about her "humiliation," about a blunt rejection of all the Allies' demands, and about the necessity for "the German Michael to make his voice heard again." The more moderate organs do not rave like that, but they protest that Germany cannot accept all the demands. "Germania" even opines that the Versailles peace is no peace but a means of keeping alive the war spirit. The "Welt am Montag" and "Vorwärts" alone seem to see the situation straight. The first says: "The note proves the complete unity existing between England and France. To rise up against that would be to isolate Germany. The German Government must choose between the steel helmet policy and the evacuation of Cologne, between phrases and reality." The second journal, reminding Germany that she is a vanquished Power, concludes thus: "For the present there is no alternative but for the vanquished to disarm, and continue to disarm, as the victors dictate."

The most curious comment comes from an English pacifist organ. It admits that Germany has not fulfilled her treaty promises, but blandly asks: "Is this a sufficiently serious affair to justify our staying in Cologne?"

Can you beat it?

Vichy.

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Arizona and the Arts

By GEORGE MARVIN

The liberal University of the Southwest by, of, and for the State

ARIZONA possesses two rare things: its climate and its University. Both combine at Tucson, though both pervade the State. Corresponding to the spirit in which Virginia is *of* the Old Dominion, so, to an extraordinary degree, is this University *for* the State of Arizona. State money, voted generously by the people through their Legislature or as generously donated by State industries, supports it. And the institution thus created and supported as generously makes constant return to the industries and growth of the State, leading it in profitable adventure, giving heart and direction to its entire educational effort, enriching business with science. Spreading out its arms over the colorful desert of mountain and valley, a "desert" infinitely rich in actual mineral wealth and an agricultural wealth potentially as rich, it is in a peculiarly exact sense the Alma Mater of all the people of Arizona.

Desert is the right word topographically for the arid region of high tableland comprising adjacent territory of the bordering States of Texas, New Mexico, old Mexico, and Arizona. Descriptively it is a misleading, a wrong word. To the conventional imagination it calls up aching areas of dust and endurance, dead-level expanses of sandy Sahara deserted by every animate thing—

So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

The American desert is not deserted. It is redeemed sporadically by green alluvial valleys with their human and vegetable life richer than the oases of Biskra or the garden spots of the Arabian desert; while its remaining areas, unredeemed in a commercial sense, carpeted with the olive green of mesquite, low-growing visnaga and yucca, cheered by the lemon-yellow of palos-verdes, the rose-pink of ironwood blossoms, and the scarlet flame of ocatillas, need only the magic touch of water to prove their latent agricultural wealth of soil. Their very desolation reveals the outcroppings of a well-nigh inexhaustible mineral treasure; agriculturally that same desolation is less barren than fecund, not dead but unborn and coming to birth. And in other ways than material hard to describe in words how thickly peopled are these high open places! Memories and traditions and tokens of vanished peoples who lived and built, made war and loved, here long ago. The very coming together of all undefinable celestial color. The dwelling-place of the Great Spirit.

Cloyd H. Marvin, President of the University of Arizona

Stricken dumb after leagues of tumultuous mountains, where man and his perplexities dwindle out of sight and his motor car becomes an insufferable impertinence, the pictured worshipful gesture of the solitary Indian comes to mind with a sense of positive relief: standing upon his mountain-top and fronting the west across the beauty and the vastness and thrilling loneliness he knows so well but cannot understand, silently with arms outstretched lifting his face to the quiet sky.

In this kind of a desert the University of Arizona was born forty years ago. And into this kind of an understood and beloved desert it sends out the great majority of the grist from its educational mill. Across its perfect roads, undulating like a path over a summer ocean, the President of the desert University, an aviator during the war, with palms outspread upon the wheel, flies his high-power car, talking casually in his low voice, clear enough over the authoritative whisper of the machine, as he flies. The youngest college president in the United States, in the conception of his job and in his personal relation to it he echoes the conviction of the young President of Dartmouth College, that "education is the impact of youthful mind upon youthful mind." Separated by the geographical width of the Republic, the one in the heart of a New England old in traditions, the other on the last frontier, these two men well represent the new type of university executive that is gradually, in response to present-day demands, displacing the time-honored university president of former generations. Both of these men were appointed from positions of high administrative responsibility in the business world, and each could at any time accept calls for active leadership in big enterprises of a more selfish character. They are not of the sunset and the recorded yesterdays; they are of the sunrise and the unlimited tomorrows.

"In Arizona," says this youthful President, as his big scout-cruiser clears the last dobe shacks on the outskirts of Tucson and sails away for the Catalinas on the wings of the morning, "the University and the State are identified to an unusual degree. Only four States are larger in size, but this is the youngest in the Union. Fifty years ago the population was less than ten thousand, and today it is less than four hundred thou-

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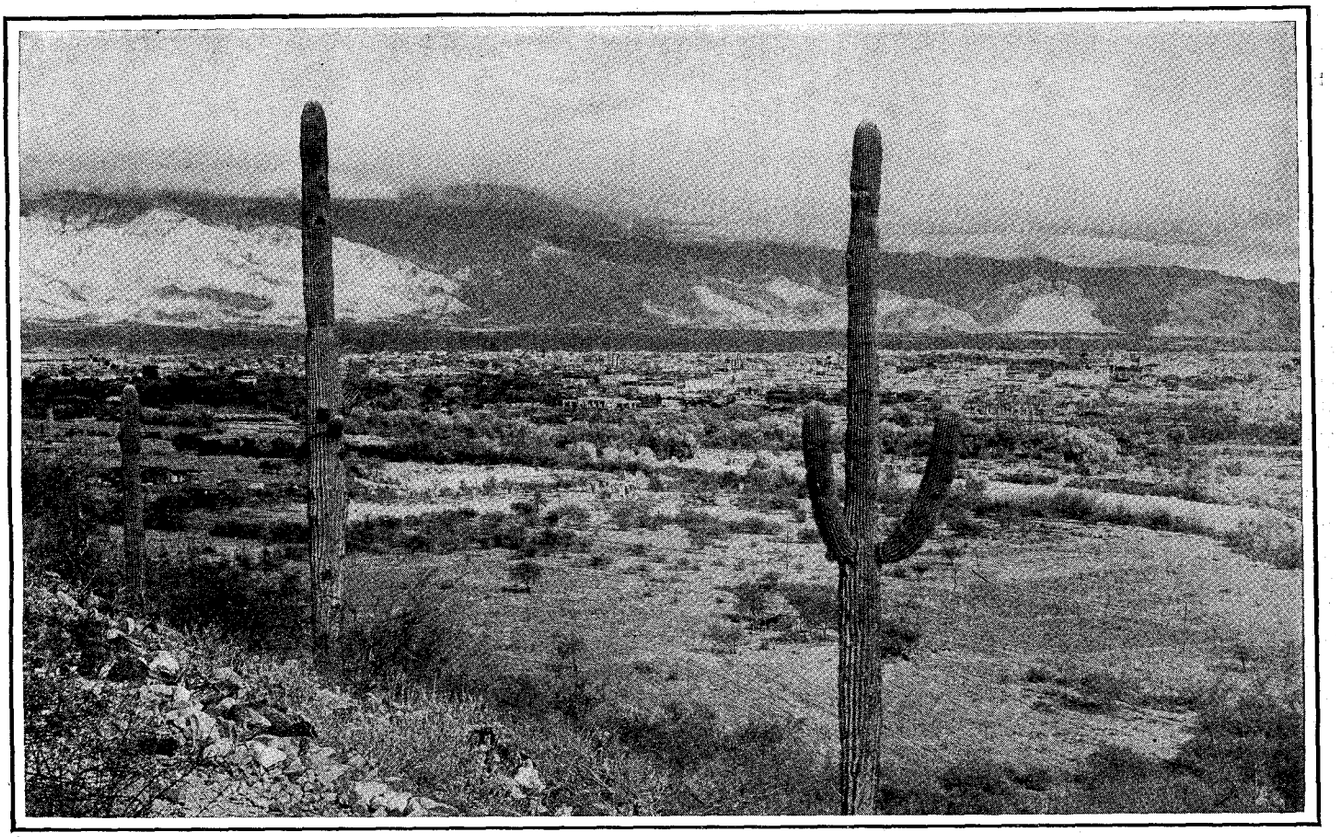

The city of Tucson, girdled round with beautiful mountain ranges, sprawls across its sandy irrigated plain

sand. Several of your Eastern cities have more people in them. Our people have come here for definite purposes: for what they can get of health and renewed life from our high altitude, dry air, and perpetual sunshine, and because of the riches to be dug out of the ground. We've got our work, our respective jobs, cut out for us here. The pioneer spirit is still very much alive on this last American frontier. We are rooted in the character of that pioneer life, and it is up to us to achieve in some measure those things which were the hope of the pioneers. The separate colleges that make up the University are responsive to definite needs in the State of Arizona—in mining, in agriculture, in forestry, in education. Our mission is that of leadership and direction in the extractive and productive enterprises of an enormously productive State. Yes, and something more besides—"

The car swerved left at a turn in the road where an apparent Navajo settlement crowned a low hill.

"That's Harold Bell Wright's house," observed the flying President. "He found health and a new lease of life here, and is paying for it with the books he writes up there in the beauty of this loneliness." Through the clear windshield the once-distant Catalinas were now walking up with giant strides, as a glimpse at the speedometer showed that we were hitting fifty miles an hour over a scenic-railway road as direct as the Southern Pacific track, with billowy dips made by the beds of dry watercourses breaking its monotony.

"Yes, one thing more," resumed the President in his quiet voice; "I believe it to be the province of this State institution to become and remain more catholic, keyed as exactly as may be to this day and its problems, but thoroughly tempered with that liberal spirit which refuses to rush for immediate material results at the sacrifice of spiritual gifts. We have discussed a number of our specific problems. Well, what I mean is this: if the mine executive, the agriculturist, the lawyer, the educator, does not go from our gates with the right background of social and cultural ideals, then he can't perform the duties he is going to be called on to perform as a technician, a citizen, and a parent."

Thus in words, borne on the swift winds of a flight across the desert, the rubric of the border University. There also was its material realization written all around in the green valley of the Santa Cruz and the mineral strength of the surrounding hills. Something of its spirit too descended and lived in the delight of rare and ever-changing color, the exhilaration of high keen spaces of rapt earth and firmament, the exultation of speed. The relation of the University to the main occupations of the State of Arizona should be appreciated.

"Arizona" enjoys extraordinary laboratory advantages as a college of mining engineering. The territory included within the State boundaries of Arizona contains the greatest value of metallic minerals—that is, not including oil or coal or building materials—in the United States. Nearly half of all the copper mined in the United States and one-quarter the amount of world production is taken out of Arizona veins. And every other kind of commercially valuable metal (except platinum, found only in commercial quantities in Colombia and the Siberian Urals)—gold, silver, manganese, tungsten, vanadium, the finest asbestos in the world—is worked into the complex ores of the painted desert. Indeed, some of the very color comes from a naked geology wonderfully well exposed in every known type of mineralization. If you set to work to manufacture an environment which would best fit a school of mines, you could not improve on what nature has done in Arizona.

And it is available all the year round. Most of Dean Butler's students of mining engineering are placed by him every summer in one of the Arizona mining camps, which are glad to have them. And during term time nearly every week-end sees one or several parties bound out for one of the neighboring—in Arizona any place, such as Globe, Miami, Bisbee, Tombstone, or Ajo, within a radius of

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200 miles is considered "neighboring"—mining camps, which may be conveniently reached over smooth State highways by the college motor cars and busses. The College of Mines has the best men available in their respective branches permanently in its Faculty, one of them pried loose from the Federal Bureau in Washington, and another genius of world-wide authority saved from the wreck of Imperial Russia. Teaching is only a part of the service of these men; their research work is shared by the University and the State. The Dean himself is Director of the Arizona State Bureau of Mines. Engineers on active duty in mining camps give the benefit of their practical experience to the University in periodical lectures and conferences and monograph reports.

On their side the co-operation of the mining companies has long been assured. "How many students can you take for the summer?" writes the Dean. "All you want to send," comes back the reply by wire. Neither for the summer vacation nor after graduation does an "Arizona" miner have to rustle for a job. Leading mining geologists and mine executives consider the University as part of their field, bringing into theoretical study the vigorous "last words" of their immediate experience in a constantly enlarging profession. Half of the money to build the Hall of Mines and Engineering was provided by the mining companies of the State.

No system can be more fairly judged than by its enduring product. Ninety per cent of Arizona's graduates in mining engineering remain to-day in their highly technical profession; most of them in their native State and the borderlands of corresponding geology; several of them in the mines of Mexico; others scattered throughout Latin America and such remote regions as Siberia, China, and the Caucasus. No quantity production here. The institution doesn't believe in crowding to the point where a maximum of attention cannot be given to the individual. Says the President, with a Faculty chorus emphasizing the words, "We don't want to graduate any one who isn't sure of his job and of whom his job may not be sure."

Corresponding closely in methods and in spirit to the relation between the College of Mines and the great mining industries of the State, the College of Agriculture is mortised into the growth of an Arizona, hitherto obsessed with minerals, which is only now coming to realize the enormous potentiality of its vegetable world. With the possible exception of the University of Wisconsin, this department of the Arizona institution is closer to the daily life-work of the community than any other college. In other States husbandry and agriculture by generations antedated agricultural experiment stations. In Arizona the University Experiment Station discovered and pointed out the ways to profitable agriculture in arid sub-tropical lands. The University's intelligent cry for water helped materially to build the Roosevelt Dam. By precept, but more convincingly by experimental demonstrations, the University has led the State into a diversified agriculture on its irrigated lands, sowing the best of its seeds in the minds of the people. It has pulled the date-palm through several years of an experimental stage to a point where it is now safer and more remunerative than citrus-fruit farming. It has tackled the great agricultural problem of the Southwest in the alkali soils bequeathed to it by the age-long run-off from deforested mountains and unscientific irrigation, establishing the truth that it is fully as important to get water *off* the land as to get it on. The mining companies, naturally interested in promoting agriculture along to a relative valuation where it can take care of a larger share of the taxes, provide car-load lots of gypsum and sulphuric acid gratis—"and more whenever you want it." Fine co-operation all along the line in this youngest of all united States! The College of Agriculture makes soil surveys all over the State for the people in every locality; with Carnegie funds to help, it campaigns relentlessly against range rodents—the prairie dog is no more; by teaching home economics it helps to preserve the home and the type of young womanhood which goes with the idea and the ideal of "home;" and it functions as a free laboratory for the Arizona farmer in any or all of his practical adventures.

And, as in the corresponding instance of the associated College of Mines, by its human product you may judge it. Eighty-eight per cent of the agricultural alumni remain profitably in agricultural pursuits: back more intelligently to the farms, in teaching, in county, State, and Federal offices, and in foreign countries. Students sent from France, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, Spain, and India hold high administrative positions in their native countries. In 1922 an Egyptian boy, working out problems very similar to those of his own Nile Valley, graduated with 490 out of a possible 500 points, the highest grade ever reached at the University.

Such facts as these have to be dug out of conferences or remain as the residue of many talks and the pawing over of printed and typewritten material. You only have to use your eyes to catch the

Polo is one of the characteristic sports here and they play it all the year round. The University has a field of its own

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spirit of Arizona stirring day by day the life of the University. It is an Aztec-colored race that peoples the green oases of the college grounds and passes in unconscious tableaux of youthful perfection in and out of its academic halls. The masculine coat seems to have gone into the discard for all occasions, and neither men nor maidens, except for polo or military instruction, ever wear anything that could be called a hat. Arizona sunhine, day by day and every day, does the rest, laying on a clear pigment of gold-brown altogether in key with the color scheme of Pima County.

And whether it be the radiance of the sunshine or the tingle of the altitude, or just the truth, these young Aztecs go about their occupations with the smooth grace of Indians but without an Indian taciturnity. Expressive are they, rather, of an adjustment that is normal and joyous, giving while getting, living hard in to-day while learning hopefully to live to greater purpose to-morrow. There it is, at all events, unmistakably; on the polo field where the intercollegiate champions of the West are practicing or in the cavalcades of stout-hearted co-eds following a cavalry instructor over the hazards of an Italian military steeplechase. When you ride in Arizona, you have got to *ride*. There it is again in the "Players" romping in their star-lit auditorium with true Elizabethan gusto through a very real "Twelfth Night," and there beneath the arc-light of a May full moon in the mystic barefoot measures of "interpretive dances" picturing in healthy simplicity and frankness "The Legend of Natoma," "Gifts of the Gods," "Birds at the Fountain," and "Spring Awakening in the Desert."

In the foreword of their printed programme these nymphs and dryads said, "To the people of Tucson and fellow-students of the University," that they presented their midsummer-night's fantasies, "not as a finished performance, but in order that all may share in the beauty and the joy that they have experienced in studying the art of the dance." *"That all may share in the beauty and the joy."*

The Conrad Who Sat for Me

By WALTER TITTLE

The author continues in this issue his pen portrait of the distinguished novelist who was his friend

AS I painted my sitter talked, part of the time on the subject of art, encouraging me often by questions to discuss the branch of it that provides my vocation. Between poses he examined many prints and paintings that were in the studio, praising with the utmost generosity my product and outlining a most alluring future for me.

"You are most fortunate to have such a thorough grounding in the technique of your art," he said, "in these times when technique is so blatantly scoffed at by so-called modernism. It is most important, and I find a command of it indispensable in my own work; for, after all, my dear, technique comprises about sixty per cent of any art, doesn't it?" I spoke of the iconoclastic tendencies of these same modernists, who, while some of them are really achieving something for art, limit and blind themselves by sweeping condemnations of all points of view save their own. By many of them Velasquez is described as a mere painter of surfaces, Dickens is beneath contempt, and many other titans destined for the ages simply do not exist. It makes one feel that in their destructive generalizations they seek to dignify themselves in their own and others' eyes.

"Dickens is very great and will live when such critics are long forgotten," he replied. "A really big mind, and one for which there is hope for achievement in art, should be able to appreciate all that is, or ever was really good in art, treasuring each performer for his particular qualities of excellence. Taste is fickle, and changes in different periods, appreciation veering away for a time from one set of goods to another. Sometimes it is in error altogether for a while, but eventually it must inevitably return to all things that possess really great qualities."

LUNCHEON was served in the studio by an Italian *restaurateur,* the proprietor coming personally, filled with excitement at the prospect of a glimpse of the novelist. He had seen an account in the newspapers of Mr. Conrad's sitting to me, as well as Mr. Shaw, and begged that he be allowed to see the latter, too. I told Mr. Conrad beforehand of the literary penchant of our *cuisinier,* whom he gratified beyond measure by a bit of chat over the menu. Probably because it is one of my pet detestations, I tried to dissuade my guest from beef à la mode, convinced that the restaurant could provide something more palatable. Great was my amazement when the argument was concluded, victoriously for Mr. Conrad, by a pathetic dissertation on his part of his passion for this particular dish, long unsatisfied, and threatened in this moment by the determined ogre, myself, trying to thrust my will between him and his stomach's desire. So beef à la mode was the foundation of our repast, and we proceeded with it at once on its arrival.

Light is precious in London, especially in winter, and I found it impossible to restrain myself from seizing every moment between courses and when not actually engaged in eating to work upon my portraits. "Now, my dear, are you trying to kill yourself with paint poisoning?" my sitter protested. "Look at that rag you have there, and at your hands! Go and wash them at once." He seemed really alarmed, and as I was about to comply to pacify him he laughed heartily. "No, no, don't go. I was only joking. Get all the painting done that you can."

"I am so sorry you could not come to the studio when I was sitting, Jessie, dear," he said later to his wife when I was again with them at Bishopsbourne. "It was such fun to see Tittle putting the color on the canvas, and on himself as well. Even during luncheon he was constantly up and down, like a jack-in-the-box—now a mouthful of food, now a stroke of the brush, all over the place at the same time. I was quite impress-ed by him!" The little peculiarity of accent noted was a constantly recurring one.

The sartorial side of the portraits was one to which Mr. Conrad gave some attention. He presented me with a neck-tie of black and red checks, asking that I use it in one of the paintings. We also made a careful survey of his wardrobe to choose clothing that would fit harmoniously into the color schemes.

"You see, when I show you my clothes like this I am trying to impress you with my wealth. Having got several new suits from my tailor recently, I just must show them. Here is a brown one that pleases me very much. What do you think of it for one of the pictures?"

I expressed preference for gray and

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blue for the two portraits, though it was evident that my sitter had his heart set upon the brown. I explained that the other shades were better suited to the schemes of the pictures in hand, Mrs. Conrad agreeing with my choice, her opinion being supported by Miss Hallowes, Mr. Conrad's secretary. With mock despair he succumbed:

"No one likes my brown suit, and I do so much! Jessie insults it, Tittle bites my head off about it, and now Miss Hallowes picks on me too. I'll have to fight for my life soon!" I pointed to the unfinished portraits, and then to him:

"There are three of you, you see, so we three must combine."

"Well, you'd better look out," he replied, laughingly, "or I will take back that tie I gave you."

THERE came to Mr. Conrad's house one day a young writer whose first book was just off the press. He was an employee of the Foreign Office, and a mission on which he had been sent to some out-of-the-way spot had provided material for an unusual chronicle that had attracted some attention. He came to question my host most minutely about all details of his method of work, apparently thinking that a faithful following of the same routine would be a long step toward producing results similar in excellence to those achieved by the great writer. Mr. Conrad answered his queries with painstaking patience, there being evident in his manner a feeling of the futility of giving this sort of information, and finally pointed out to his inquisitor the simple truth that should have been obvious to him from the beginning, that no blanket rules can possibly apply in the matter of method in writing. It may be interesting to know the varying ways in which writers proceed in the making of their products, but a procedure that is perfect for one will probably, in all its details, be suitable to no one else. Consequently each writer must experiment until he evolves the manner of work best adapted to his own peculiar needs, and thus achieve his own salvation.

In one of our conversations Mr. Conrad discovered to me a deep-seated aversion to the cinema. We had been talking about different phases of humor, and the various devices, literary and otherwise, that can be depended upon to produce laughter, from the subtlest of them to common slapstick. I told him of a variety comedian in Paris who had reduced me, through laughter, to an almost helpless state by the smashing of hundreds of dishes in ingenious and unexpected ways.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "isn't it curious? When you see a performance like that, at first you think, 'How silly!' and as the thing is repeated again and again you laugh harder and harder. He was a great psychologist who first discovered this secret about humor." I then mentioned Chaplin as a master of slapstick and the art of clowning, and, to my surprise, found no concurrence from Mr. Conrad at all. He said that he did not find him funny, only vulgar, and that his work possessed no virtue whatever. From this he launched into a real tirade against the films.

"They are absolutely the lowest form of amusement. I hate them!" he said, with quite a considerable show of heat. "They are stupid, and can never be of real value. The cinema is not a great medium. It merely affords entertainment for people who enjoy sitting with thought utterly suspended and watching a changing pattern flickering before their eyes. Shadowgraphs in pantomime are much better."

I argued that surely all the virtues possessed by good pantomime could be appropriated for the films; but even this he would not grant, nor would he agree with his wife when she championed slow-motion pictures as a form providing both amusement and instruction. Supporting her claim, I cited the analytical value of golf strokes, boxing, and other sports depicted in this way, which elicited the objection:

"There is no value in a gesture except at full speed. I like to see a blow delivered in boxing, but I hate to see it analyzed. As for golf, no two swings are ever alike, anyway. One kind of motion picture might be of some value if the producers would not spoil it. I have seen several so-called educational films that pretended to show a process of manufacture, beginning with the raw material and ending with a finished product. But no stage of the thing was ever completed. As soon as I began to be interested the scene would invariably change, skipping most essential steps in the sequence of production, and taking the thing up again at an advanced stage. It was most amazing, maddening, and not in the least informing. Why, I am ashamed of you two for having a taste for anything so bad!" and the discussion ended in laughter.

DURING the months immediately preceding my departure Mr. Conrad's health continued to be quite bad, and the periods of relief between his painful attacks of asthma and gout were fewer and shorter. His hands and feet succeeded each other into heavy pads and bandages, emerging by slow degrees, ending in woolen socks and gloves to avoid the possibility of chill. Perhaps a more moderate climate would have spared him much of this; I myself suffered from an attack of influenza and resultant rheumatism because of the penetrating damp and cold, but Mrs. Conrad pointed out the fact that Kent is noted for the longevity of its inhabitants, citing for example a man who was then supplying them with milk and butter, making his daily rounds over the countryside at the age of ninety-six.

"That simplifies matters," I said to her husband. "Just stay in Kent. You are a mere stripling."

"Well, I'm staying," he replied with a smile. "But won't you let me go to the south of France for a little while? I do so want to go!"

During this last period work was almost an impossibility for him. His suffering left him but little energy. We had often spoken of some friends of mine who had a country place at no great distance from Bishopsbourne, in whom Mr. Conrad showed considerable interest, having other friends in common with them. But to a suggestion that they motor over to see him his tired face abetted his spoken objection:

"I am sorry, but I cannot meet new people. They are charming, I know; I have heard much about them. But I cannot enlarge my circle of friends. It consumes time and energy that I am unable to spare. Besides, I am a sailor, not a society man. I could sit on a wharf in Marseilles and talk to an old salt with pleasure, at any time. I can always get on with people like that, but not with everybody."

MY last visit to Bishopsbourne was on February 10, 1924. On this occasion Mr. Conrad's condition was so greatly improved that I was full of hope for a permanent betterment, which he and Mrs. Conrad seemed to share. My departure for Paris *en route* to America was set for four days later, and I did not think that this was the last time I would see him. He was in a reminiscent mood during much of our conversation, and reviewed the period since our first meeting in a most kindly and affectionate way, regretting my departure and advising that I divide my time between England and America. During the last hour and a half we were together I produced a piece of copper that I had in my pocket and made a dry-point sketch of his profile as we talked. A hasty tea concluded, I was motored off to Canterbury, my heart warm from hearty hand-clasps and many good wishes for the future.

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How to Read the News from China

By RAYMOND T. RICH

With photographs taken by the author

"TAKE taxi to Hankow and cable full report latest developments." So read the instructions which a foreign correspondent in Shanghai received over the wire some months ago from one of New York's most famous daily papers. It was a gloriously fine spring day, the office and typewriter had never seemed less alluring, news was dull in Shanghai, and there were indeed fascinating movements astir in Hankow. For two days the correspondent had been tingling to go there. But he had not, and he could not. He blessed his New York boss, looked wistfully out across the river with its craft of every sort and nation, and resumed his uninspired hammering on the typewriter. And we must confess he had some reasons.

Was it an attack of that persistent Oriental desire to do nothing, and to do that very slowly? No. Insubordination? Business? Previous engagement—such as a baseball game or a fair companion? No, it was none of these. The simple fact was that the taxi wouldn't make it. And this, in turn, was based upon the phenomenon in Chinese geography which separates Hankow from Shanghai by 585 good English miles, plus no roads as we know them, and not even a railroad for a large portion of the distance! But the New York editor was in earnest!

One of America's most famous weekly magazines reaches my desk. I notice that it contains a story about China, and, feeling deliciously indolent, I pause to read the author's impressions of the country in which I am living. Will her views be something like my own? A few sentences from her article strike my attention.

"I climbed aboard the train at Shanghai in the evening, obtained a comfortable berth, and slept soundly until the train boy awakened me in the morning at Canton"—this is the substance of one particular sentence. It forces me to the conviction that her opinions and mine vary most profoundly.

My reasons for disagreement are rather elemental. In the first place, there is no railroad from Shanghai to Canton; in the second place, if there were one, the journey would probably require three days at least; and, finally, I am certain that she traveled from Shanghai to Hongkong by boat (from two to three days), and thence to Canton. Now, assuredly, there is a railroad from Hongkong to Canton, but, unfortunately, for several months previous to her arrival in China no trains had made the run. The last attempt to defy the war lords and the bandit chiefs was eminently unsuccessful, as a friend of mine, who was kidnapped from the train, will stoutly testify.

A typical Chinese aim!

I read further in the article, and suddenly find the assertion that people in Canton ride through the narrow streets in great baskets suspended from a pole carried by two coolies. As it happens, vegetables do travel that way; people do not.

It is often difficult for persons in China to know whether to laugh or cry when they witness such evidences of gross ignorance and conscienceless inaccuracies as are respectively portrayed by these two illustrations—illustrations which are by no means unique. If they were in the American yellow press, they would be quite unworthy of attention. But when they occur in connection with papers and magazines having a circulation of hundreds of thousands, even millions, they cause amazement and consternation.

To speak very frankly and boldly, most of the news from China is not true to the real situation. But this statement must not be interpreted as meaning that most of the news is deliberately fallacious and misleading. The assertion is in no way a slander against the foreign correspondents of American newspapers in China, for I am confident that *most* of them want to tell the truth. But they are often prevented from doing so by circumstances which will be mentioned below. And, of course, there are a few who care more for a story than they do for a fact, more for color than they do for accuracy. "The streets of Canton were under a cloud of smoke and a hail of cannon shot this morning," is an illustration of this well-known tendency, which appeared last October. I know, from actual presence in Canton, that they were not.

Probably the most persistent cause of inaccuracy in news despatches from China is the fault of the newspapers themselves in America. Oftentimes their correspondents cable news which is perfectly true in and of itself, but which is not true to the real situation. In other words, it is only a half-truth, not the *whole* truth. Who is guilty? No one, probably, is guilty of willful intent to deceive, but many are guilty—if that is the proper word—of insisting upon the sensational, and of lacking the courage to print (or the willingness to read) the somewhat less striking descriptions of situations in all their aspects. There is a vast difference between news being true and being true to a situation.

News from China is peculiarly susceptible to this distortion by false emphasis for a very important physical and economic reason. Reference is made to the fact that there is at present only one cable connecting China with America. This connection is via British lines to the island of Yap, and thence via the Commercial Cable Company's line to the relay station at Midway, to Hawaii, to the American coast. As will be remembered from the famous discussions during the Washington Conference, a great portion of this route (from Yap to America) must also serve for connection with Japan and with the Philippines. Furthermore, commercial wireless service from China to the United States has not yet been developed. (Indeed, by terms

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of the Washington agreement, wireless stations in China are permitted at present to send only Government messages.) Consequently, it is readily apparent that the China-America cable capacity is severely limited, with the result that cable tolls are well-nigh prohibitive. But sensational "spot" news gets cabled because it is deemed worthy of "big space." And, since there seems during these years to be an almost unending supply of wars, piratings, mutinies, and kidnappings on hand for startling copy, the average American newspaper has few funds remaining available for cabling more significant reports.

Of course the mails remain, but there are few newspapers indeed which are willing to wait for them. Light news has a touch of decided antiquity about it after being in a mail bag for a month, and the heavier news which will well withstand a month's delay without losing much importance is generally regarded as too dull for a daily's lively tastes. Hence the sensational regarding China predominates, almost to the complete exclusion of other types of information. There are, however, it should be needless to add, some laudable exceptions in the American newspaper world.

While speaking of the news which does receive cable attention, at least a few words should be added concerning Chinese war news, for it is obvious that such reports have constituted a very large proportion of the total regarding China during many months past. They should be read only against the background of typically Chinese conditions. Primarily, without considering the moral issue involved in war, it should be remembered that war in China does not have the vital significance of war in Europe, as a great determining force in history. If Chinese wars were truly important and decisive, there would not be so many of them. The very fact that they continue demonstrates their ineffectiveness.

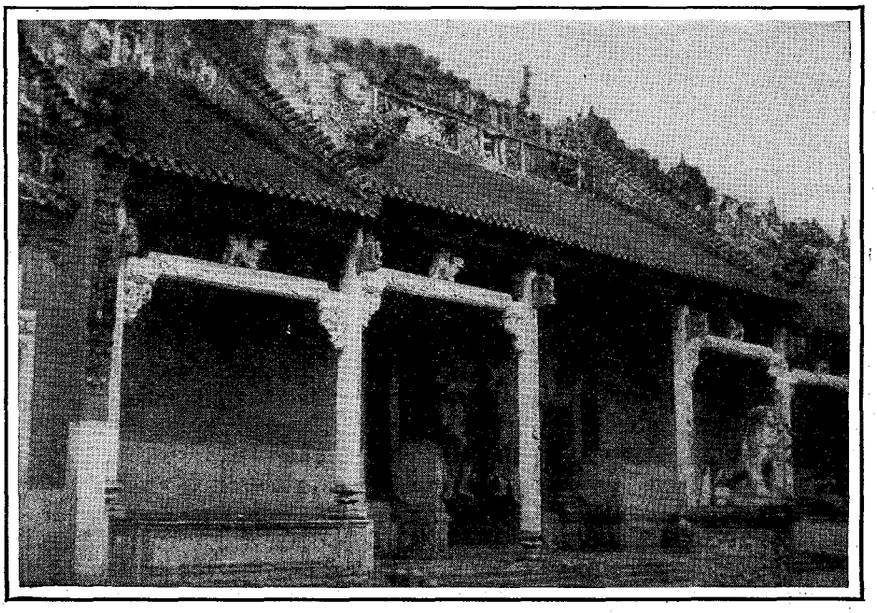
War in China, moreover, seldom—almost never—signifies a fiercely sanguinary battle, because what I should call the firecracker habit still persists. The noise of rifles and of cannon sounds heroic, and sounds as if something must be in the way of accomplishment. To the naïve reasoning process of most Chinese, this is sufficiently convincing. It is difficult for them to see any difference between what ought to be or what must be and what actually is. Therefore, since the noise of shells undoubtedly sounds like a battle, it must in very truth be a battle, irrespective of whether the bullets hit anything or not. "Quibbling over the minutiæ" of aiming, consequently, to quote in part from that famous "I. D. R." of pre-Armistice days, "is indicative of failure to grasp the spirit" of a Chinese war.

To watch a Chinese army is oftentimes the most amusing pastime that could be desired. Of course it is well known that the average soldier in warm weather carries not only a bayonet scabbard but also a fan, and oftentimes not only a rifle but also an umbrella! And many a time is it possible to witness an evening parade in which each soldier gleefully carries a Chinese lantern dancing gayly from the tip of a sprightly bamboo branch.

The topsyturvydom of Chinese military methods occasionally reaches even more ludicrous proportions. For example, on a scorching, blistering day last summer I encountered a coolie soldier staggering along a cobbly street beneath mounds of impedimenta which well-nigh obscured him from all recognition as a human. There were a heavy blanket-roll, a rifle, scabbard, fan, umbrella, and a kettle or two—all as part of his more or less regular equipment. To this was added a typical Chinese carrying-pole, slung across one shoulder and supporting two ponderous bunches of straggly hay. But that was not all, by any means. He was a cavalryman, and from somewhere amid the baggage a knotted string led backward to his peaceful mount, following, dozing, stumbling, and blissfully unencumbered by so much as even a saddle-bag!

But such and many other tales of Chinese soldiering should not lead to a complete disregard of all the warfare. Even although the battles be indecisive and often little more than mimics, the existence of persistent civil war in China is intensely serious from a social point of view, if not from a military standpoint. It is serious because it is the symptom of profoundly difficult and critical social and economic conditions. The real reasons why China is in chaos lie much deeper than the rivalries and greed of belligerent *tuchuns*. The forces at work are fundamental, and they would seem at present to show little prospect of being soon brought under control. Still, these forces are the determining factors in the situation.

Hence, to the writer's mind at least, the most vital news from China is not regarding the vicissitudes of generals in the field, but regarding the policies which they represent; not news of civil wars, but of reasons for them; not reports of banditry, but of why it will probably long exist and what is being done to combat the cause; not news of democratic institutions, but of why democracy is not working; not items concerning the rapid spread of Western influence, but rather concerning the consequences of that influence; and, in short, not so much the "spot" news which must be cabled to prevent obsolescence, as the less spectacular news which is so deeply true that it will be worth as much a month from now as at this moment. Of course it is not meant to be implied that cabled news is valueless, for some of it is of the greatest moment. The point is simply that, given the present cable situation, spectacular despatches, which tend on account of limited space to be only half-truths, crowd out the more vital reports. Also, that very few American papers have the



A famous Chinese family temple of the sort which is rapidly disappearing before the advance of Western influence

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General Lei Fuk-lam visiting the hospital at Canton Christian College. It is he who rescued the thirty-seven students and Faculty members kidnapped last December. But the constructive work of such generals seldom gets into the news

courage to print the mailed reports, which are heavier reading and which consume nearly a month in transit. You and I and our generation will not have to live very long with the conditions outlined in the *cables* from China, but we probably must live our whole lifetime in the same world with the conditions described in the slower despatches. Furthermore, we shall inevitably be confronted by many of the appalling problems arising from these conditions.

Although volumes might easily be written on this point, it must suffice here to mention one particularly momentous situation. The introduction of Western industrial methods into China has unavoidably brought with it all the social and labor problems which are so sorely vexing America and Europe. At the same time the pressure of foreign governments upon China has given rise to resentment and to charges of crass imperialism (often only too well founded). In this state of affairs Soviet Russia, of course, recognizes a likely field for agitation, since there is both capitalism and imperialism to combat. Hence they begin their propaganda, and this, being anathema in America, makes good news for the cables. The wires buzz with reports of plotting, of demonstrations, and of the imminent danger of China "going Bolshevik."

Now there are, to be sure, agitations, and there are demonstrations. But it is not with these actions, but with their meaning, their consequences, that you and I must live the major portions of our lives. What are they thus far, and what are they likely to be? Since careful judgments on such questions cannot be compressed into a few hundred words, they are seldom, if ever, cabled. Only guesses seem to receive telegraph attention, and these are entitled to little or no consideration, especially if they forecast positive success or failure. The outcome is not in the hands of a Soviet ambassador and his agents, nor is it in the control of Western representatives. It is bound up with the whole stuff and attitude of the Chinese people themselves, and particularly of their future leaders—to-day called students.

Returning to the question of the truth of news from China, it is possible to make several observations. Even the best and most experienced correspondents are certain to have a rather high percentage of inaccuracies, not only because of the conditions already outlined, but also because of other circumstances. In the first place, it is exceedingly difficult to procure facts in China. They simply do not exist as in the United States or in European countries, and every leader and investigator in the country is almost overwhelmingly handicapped by this very fact alone. About even the most important conditions no one has anything more than an approximation to the real truth.

In the second instance, one tremendous obstacle to procuring facts, or even to making fairly sound guesses, is the mighty size of China and the dearth of adequate communication and transportation facilities. China, exclusive of the great reaches of Mongolia and Tibet, with about eighty-three per cent of the area of the continental United States, has at least three times as many people! At the same time it does not possess three per cent of America's railroad mileage, and in point of telegraph lines and of post offices has scarcely twenty-one per cent of the United States totals. It is not easy to procure adequate news in such a situation.

Again, there are deep differences of dialect, of environment, of background, and of economic and temperamental interest separating the various provinces and districts from one another. Furthermore, the Chinese sources of news are both undependable and inadequate, because the Chinese press is limited, untrained, and venal. This means that foreign correspondents are severely handicapped in the field which would, in almost any other country, be the most valuable source of information available. It is a cramping limitation—made all the more difficult by the language barrier—which is inevitably reflected in a narrower view-point of Chinese affairs and a pronounced tendency to conceive all China in terms of the treaty port or metropolis in which the correspondent is stationed.

Finally, a comprehensive understanding of the broad background of present-day China is necessary in order to distinguish between the true and false reports which assail a correspondent from every side. It is possible to hear anything in China and solemnly to be told any fact whatsoever. Especially is this true if your informant thinks that you wish to be told something unusual, for his aim is more often to meet your fancies than to increase your sum total of accurate knowledge. He is an expert at making your wish father to his thought. The only satisfactory criterion, therefore, by which to judge the truth-probability factor is a knowledge of Chinese habits, mental attitudes, traditions, and social, economic, and political problems. Even then it is amazingly easy to be misled in the midst of conditions which are so totally dissimilar to Western life.

Clearly, all of these pitfalls await the present writer as well as every other person seeking to learn something about the East. He hopes to avoid their dangers, but certainly does not pretend to the claim of completely doing so. A lifetime in China would not be adequate to that end. He has, however, endeavored to follow the admirable example set by research workers in the physical sciences, the method of preceding each investiga-

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tion by an attempt to calculate the probable percentage of error in the results. It is a custom which doubtless detracts from the appearance of finality which might otherwise wait upon the findings, but it would also seem to be essential to rendering full justice to the reader.

In the present instance the most likely sources of error on the writer's side have been frankly stated, with the hope that they will suggest certain correctives which the reader, on his part, can frequently utilize. Thus in reading the news from China, if the cabled news tends to overemphasize certain aspects, the resultant error in impression can be neutralized, at least in part, by reading the less striking reports which come by mail. If, as is likely, his local papers do not carry such items, he must seek for them in the standard magazines. Again, if he observes only reports of surface happenings, he can be certain that he is not reading all the truth, or even the most important aspects of the truth. If he finds sweeping assertions made about China with all finality, he can be reasonably confident that there is little real authority behind the bluster; if he beholds a vast array of figures and purported facts, he can most wisely mobilize a stout supply of skepticism; and if he tends to heed the words of only one writer, he can be positive, indeed, that there are also vastly different points of view held by other persons, and perhaps with no less evidence in support. Finally, if he would really be well informed, he will construct for himself a sound knowledge of the fundamental facts in China's life, and then utilize current news as indications of the tendencies at work and the policies which are being followed. Such study, although possibly rather arid at first, will soon pay high dividends indeed, because our own future is in no small measure bound up with the destiny of that East which is to-day criticising, testing, and often directly challenging the very basic concepts of the civilization of the West.

Are Long-Range Weather Forecasts Possible?

By Professor ROBERT DE C. WARD, of Harvard University

DURING one week last autumn there came to my desk three letters. One was from a lumber dealer; another, from a manufacturer of overshoes; the third, from the owner of a woolen mill. Each letter contained the same question: "Will the coming winter be mild or severe?" Would logging operations be difficult and expensive? Would there be unusually large sales of rubbers and of arctics? Would people buy heavy woolen clothing? If the question could have been definitely and positively answered, my three correspondents would doubtless have profited very handsomely thereby. Indeed, it is impossible to overestimate the money value that definite and detailed long-range weather forecasts would have for all classes of people, in all sorts of occupations.

Man naturally craves advance knowledge of coming events. His many attempts at long-range weather forecasting are manifestations of that craving. Not having the necessary foresight himself, he has imagined animals to be endowed with some peculiar sense which enables them to know, weeks or months ahead, what the weather will be. Thus the large group of animal weather proverbs has come into existence. Millions of people believe that the thickness of fur on a muskrat, or the number of nuts stored by a squirrel, or a supposedly early migration of certain birds, indicates a severe winter. Yet it is certain that animals have no such foresight. Their habits, the thickness of their fur, and other characteristics depend upon their health, the food supply, and many other conditions which have preceded.

Again, certain almanacs contain what are popularly thought to be forecasts of the weather a year ahead. These are, however, merely statements of the average weather conditions of each month. If, for example, the words "Severe cold, snow, and high winds" are printed opposite a week or ten days of January in an almanac, the statement is sure to be true for certain sections of the country. A random assignment of a "severe storm" to some particular day in winter will often "hit." To those who do not consider the matter, this looks like a clever long-range forecast. By remembering only the occasional "hits" and disregarding the "misses," as most people naturally do, such almanac statements appear to be correct most of the time. But they are in no sense forecasts. Nor are they usually correct. Any one familiar with the average weather of his locality can make up such an almanac years in advance. Not long ago a widely known American "weather prophet" died. It is reported that when his health was failing a certain patent-medicine company, which had in the past used his prophecies for advertising purposes, offered him a considerable sum of money if he would make forecasts fifty years in advance!

THEN, again, there are the individual so-called long-range forecasters who, sometimes using scientific facts as a basis, but drawing unwarranted or at least unsafe conclusions from them, make weather predictions several months ahead. These "forecasts" are expressed in very general terms, as that "the winter will be long and severe." Over an extended area like that of the United States the winter is sure to be "long and severe" somewhere, and it is equally sure not to have those characteristics everywhere. Such a forecast may thus easily be verified in some localities. Even where and when it happens to "hit," it is far too vague and general to be of any real value. Furthermore, these forecasts are so broadly generalized and cover such large areas that no rigid and adequate verification is possible. Hence the author of the predictions is left to make his own verifications in his own way—obviously, a very unsafe proceeding. His self-determined percentages of verification are not likely to run too low.

Occasionally, for a limited and variable period, very general forecasts based on sequences in the character of the seasons may be possible. Thus there may be a series of successive winters slightly warmer than normal or a series of summers somewhat wetter than normal. Indeed, some investigators have thought that they found cycles in these trends towards warmer or cooler, wetter or drier seasons. Yet just when a definite sequence seems to have started the chain breaks, the sequence ends; forecasts based upon it go into the discard. In time, with further study, something more

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definite may develop along this line, but thus far the general results have been negative. There is a popular impression that a very cold winter is likely to be followed by an unusually hot summer, or a warm winter by a cool summer. The conclusions of meteorologists are contrary to the popular belief. It seems that, on the whole, a season well above normal in temperature is somewhat more likely to be closely followed by a season or seasons warmer, not colder, than normal. In Berlin Hellmann found that a very cold winter usually follows a very cool summer, and a moderately mild winter follows a moderately warm summer. The probability of a definite sequence in such cases is, however, too small to be of any practical value in forecasting.

AGAIN, although there are certain cycles in weather and climate, like the sunspot cycle of about eleven years and the so-called Brückner cycle of about thirty-five years, and probably others, long-range forecasts sufficiently definite and reliable to be of any practical value cannot be based upon them.

The government weather services of the world, with the two exceptions referred to below, issue their forecasts for only twenty-four hours in advance. Occasionally only is it possible to extend the forecast, in more general terms, to as much as three days ahead. Once a week our Weather Bureau issues a statement for a week in advance. This is not a forecast. It is called the "weather outlook." One such "outlook" recently given to the press for the North and Middle Atlantic States read as follows: "Period of showers at beginning and again shortly after middle of the week; cooler early part with temperature normal or above thereafter." The difference between the specific daily twenty-four hour forecast and such a broad generalized statement is easily recognized. In India, it is true, the Weather Service does issue a seasonal forecast, but the conditions there are peculiar; the forecast is very general, and it concerns the monsoon rainfall only.

In the present status of meteorological knowledge it is impossible, save in exceptional cases, to cover a longer period than that now embraced by the regular official forecasts. Competent meteorologists everywhere are patiently trying to discover the laws that govern our complex atmospheric conditions in the endeavor to hasten the day when definite long-range forecasting, on a thoroughly scientific basis, may be realized. Well to the front among these investigations stands the work on the variations in the intensity of the sun's heat carried on during the past two decades by Dr. C. G. Abbot and his associates of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution. The sun is a variable star. There are variations associated with the sunspot period of about eleven years, and there are also variations in shorter intervals, of a few weeks or even a few days. Curiously enough, instead of being higher at times of greater solar activity, temperatures over most of the world are then slightly lower. The problem is a highly complex one. Temperature is by no means the only element. Evaporation, cloudiness, rainfall, storminess, winds, are all involved. And so we become tangled up in a complicated series of causes and effects, the solution of which is still out of reach. Yet there are distinctly hopeful signs of progress. Mr. H. H. Clayton, while in charge of the Forecast Division of the Argentine Weather Service, made forecasts of temperature and rainfall several days in advance, basing them on the results of solar measurements made at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Chile and telegraphed daily to Buenos Aires. Such forecasts are still being issued in Argentina. Under private auspices, Mr. Clayton is continuing his very important investigations in this country. He is preparing forecasts for varying periods, from a few days to a month in advance, on thoroughly scientific lines, and these forecasts are being carefully checked as to their accuracy by unprejudiced persons. The work is so far purely experimental, and no publication is made.

IF we knew the variations in solar activity in advance, and if in addition the direct and indirect effects of such variations upon the earth's atmosphere were understood, then regular long-range forecasts would be possible. Before we reach that stage, however, we must have a great many more solar observations, and also a very exhaustive study of the meteorological data for many years and for hundreds of stations all over the world. Yet we may, with Dr. Abbot, look forward to the time when information as to the sun's condition shall be sent daily, by telegraph or by wireless, from several astrophysical observatories to the official weather services of the world, to be by them used for purposes of long-range forecasting.

Meanwhile, not content to wait until the ultimate causes are fully understood, individual investigators, taking short cuts, so to speak, have in certain cases been able to find a basis for seasonal forecasts of a sort. Some of these men have turned to ocean water temperatures as furnishing a natural starting-point. Water is very conservative as regards its temperature. It parts with its heat or cold reluctantly. The warmth or the chill of distant ocean waters can therefore be transported over great distances in the slow-moving ocean currents, and then, months later, be carried on to far-away lands by winds. In this way seasons warmer or colder and also wetter or drier than normal may result. In Europe, several years ago, Meinardus, Petterson, and others called attention to the close relation existing between the temperatures, pressures, and winds over the North Atlantic Ocean and the weather of western Europe some months later. In the United States Dr. G. F. McEwen, of the Scripps Institute, La Jolla, California, on the basis of ocean surface temperatures acting through pressures upon the winds, has recently successfully predicted an excess or a deficiency of the winter rains of southern California. Exactly how these variable temperature changes in the ocean waters are produced is still a debatable point. They may be directly due to solar activity, or they may be due to the winds, importing heat or cold from a distance.

Again, within the last decade or so some remarkable correlations have been shown to exist between the great so-called "centers of action" of the atmosphere and the seasonal weather in adjacent, or even in fairly remote regions. These "centers of action" are more or less permanent areas of lower or higher pressure, lying over the oceans and continents, varying seasonally and in longer periods, and exerting marked influences, through the winds which circulate around them and through the storms which they control, upon the weather and climate of near-by or more distant lands. To mention only one case, the general character of the winter in western Canada and the northwestern United States seems to depend largely upon the varying characteristics of the low-pressure center of action over the northern part of the North Pacific Ocean.

THE possibility of long-range forecasting depends upon a fuller understanding of the causes on which the varying characters of our seasons depend. Whether the fluctuations in heat and moisture which make the difference between "seasonable" and "unseasonable" weather are the immediate and direct consequence of variations in the sun's heat, or are more or less counterbalancing "swings" originating in the atmospheric circulation itself, and influenced to some extent by the character of previous seasons, is still an open question.

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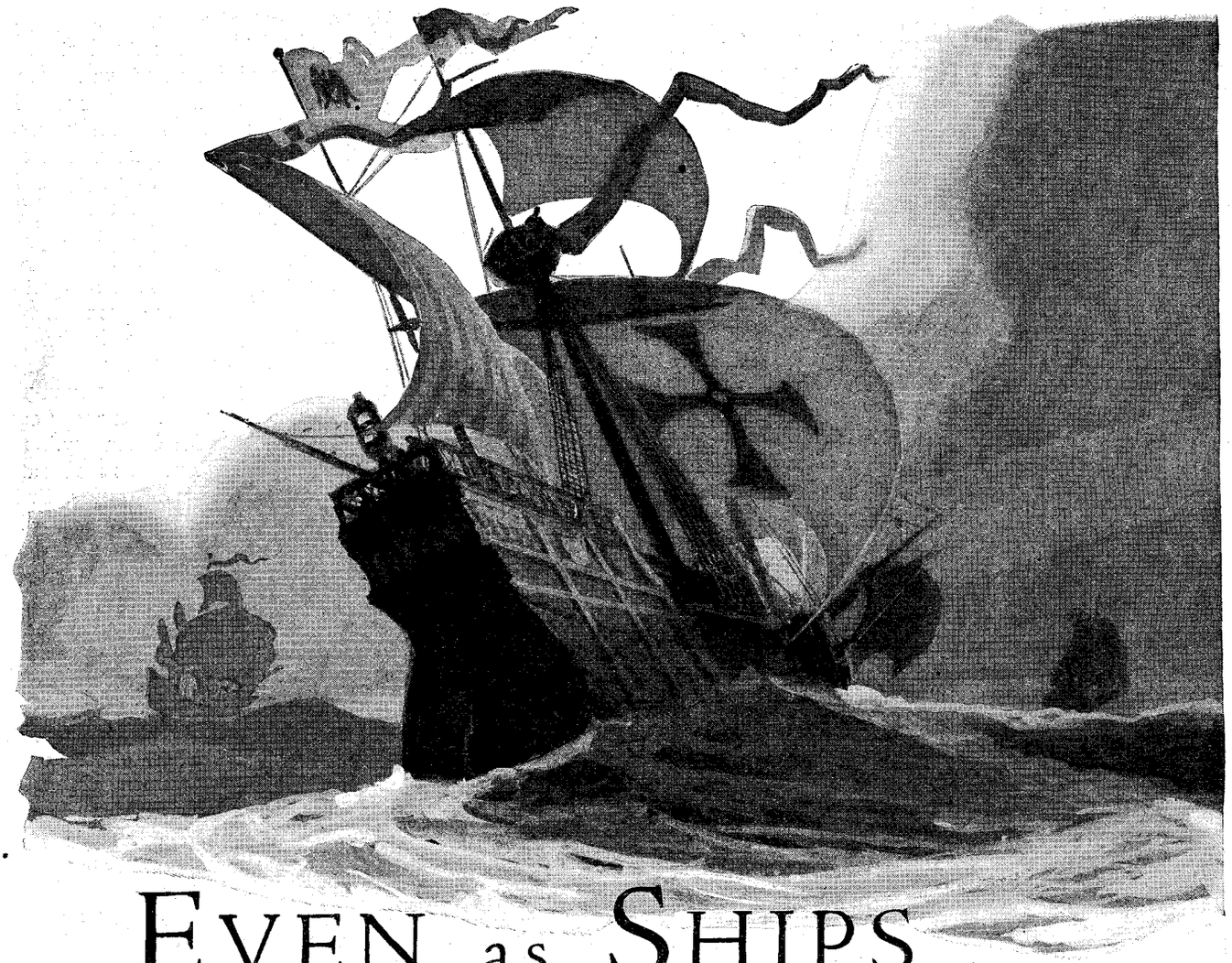

EVEN as SHIPS *Venturing Uncharted*

CENTURIES ago a man of vision and courage defied the accepted belief of the time and started out to reach the East by sailing West. Fool! they called him, as they tapped their heads with finger-tips.

But he sailed fearlessly into an uncharted sea, and found a new world. Proud cities are named after him. Stately monuments now perpetuate the memory of Columbus.

And, then, there were Drake and Magellan. They, too, defied the beliefs and customs of the day. They drove their tiny ships across the trackless seas and explored the thousands of miles of coast line of the new world.

Courageous, fearless, daring men—all!

They gave to the world the golden age of discovery. They left as a heritage to humanity that quality of leadership which has ever held high the light of progress.

And ever since the days of those ancient mariners who steered by the sun by day and by the stars by night, mankind has met the challenge of a new day and carried on.

Today is the age of industry—throbbing, pulsating, inspiring. Huge, complicated, intricate, it has brought into play every human factor. Its history is like unto the voyages of those ancient craft seeking new lands; for industry has, in truth, had to make its way through uncharted seas in search of a new world of human understanding.

There was an age of boon comradery. That was when business was small; when the owners, like the captains of those tiny ships, knew the men by their first names, and they knew each other as friends and neighbors. With the march of events came a new order.

The executives upon whose shoulders rested responsibility found the line of contact becoming longer and longer as industries grew, until its workmen were counted, not by a mere handful, but by hundreds and then by thousands. And each man in that long line removed a little farther the man who guided the destiny of the industry, and whose task it was to coordinate the efforts of all, working as one, to build a firm foundation of success.

A stupendous task! No longer were the motives of the chief so clear to the men. No longer were they inspired by that man-to-man confidence of former days. No longer did they live as one, see as one, believe as one, act

[*Advertisement*]

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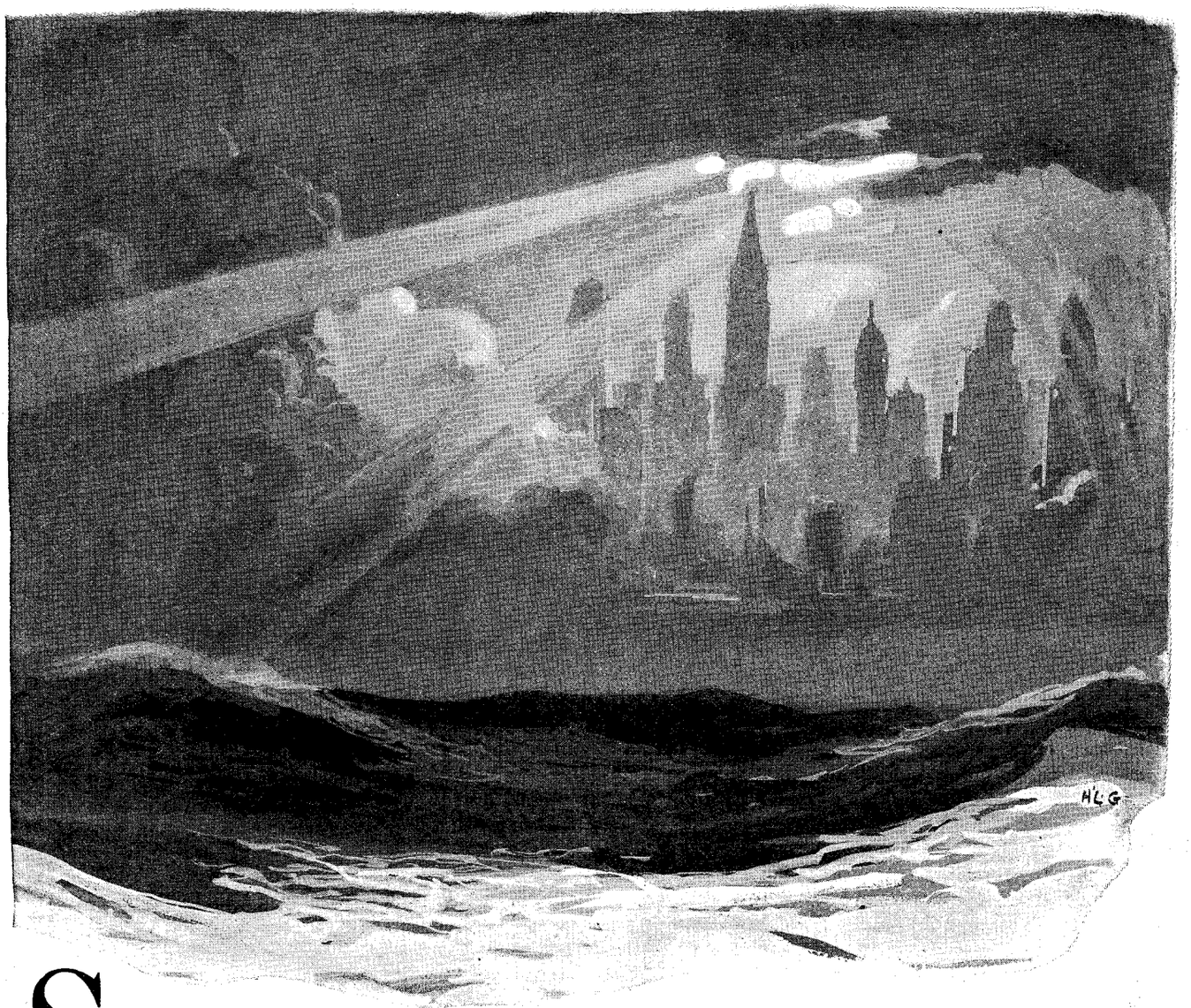

Seas

¶ Centuries ago a man of vision and courage defied the accepted belief of the time and started out to reach the East by sailing West. Fool! they called him, but he sailed fearlessly into an uncharted sea, and found a new world. And ever since the days of those ancient mariners mankind has met the challenge of a new day and carried on.

as one. Lack of contact brought lack of understanding, confusion, doubt, suspicion. The restoration of old-time confidence and human understanding was the challenge which modern industry threw to the men at the helm, whose task it was to steer their industrial ships across the uncharted seas.

Here and there gigantic industries have taken form. By day towering stacks herald the story of industrial accomplishment. By night, shafts of lurid flame light the sky as men go about their work. Each stack, each beam of light, signals to the World: Here men are at work—but do men understand men?

Twenty-five years ago, a handful of men broke the sod for the building of an iron and steel plant. That was at Middletown, Ohio. Their plans were modest—their money limited. But their vision was large; and so they hoped for success and growth.

Their leaders believed in men—men that understood men. As between men and management, they believed there must be perfect understanding. Carefully they planned for this one thing. Nothing else was so important.

As the organization grew, definite plans and policies were formulated. Time crystallized them, tested them, proved them. Thus began the charting of the way. Then almost twenty years after that memorable day when the spade was driven into the soil, and that handful of men said, "We will build here," a document of human understanding was formulated by the management and approved by the Board of Directors, in the form of a written declaration of "ARMCO Policies."

This declaration was the striking of hands in an organization of eight thousand men and women—now grown to be the world's largest manufacturer of special analysis iron and steel sheets. From the beginning, a quarter of a century ago, not one day of labor has been lost on account of misunderstanding.

Those who read this story and wish to know by what chart the course has been laid, may have a copy of "ARMCO Policies" by writing: The American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio.

Please mention The Outlook when writing to THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Take This One!

THE ideal book to take with you on your holidays is "The Home Book of Modern Verse."[1] You may object that it has over a thousand pages and weighs a pound or two. You may murmur a little about its price, and about the easy manners of the writers of book reviews, who presumably get their copies free, and are equally free in advising other people to spend their money. These objections are overruled and disregarded. You cannot, it is true, carry the book in your pocket, but you can easily take it in a suitcase or a trunk. Many far more useless things are often carried in packs or kit-bags. As for its price, you may easily spend as much for two opera seats, for an indifferent dinner, or for a tedious afternoon's drive in the country. Within the red covers of this book is pleasure for days, months, and years to come. I have called it a book for vacation, because I cannot get away from that method of recommending books at this season of the year. Like all excellent books, however, Mr. Stevenson's compilation is indeed for summer reading, to take with you into camp or to read on a polite veranda. It is for that mythical hammock in which we are always going to do so much reading, or it is for the deck of the ocean steamer. And it is, moreover, too precious to be left in any of these places. You will bring it back with you to read next winter and to keep forever. You will lend it with caution, and be happy when it comes safely back.

It is not as large as its predecessor, "The Home Book of Verse," because it makes its selection merely from the American and English poetry of the twentieth century. Yet it contains hundreds, perhaps it would be safe to say thousands, of short poems, by writers most of whom are now living. Perhaps many of these will be left out of any anthology made fifty or a hundred years hence, but the high quality of the majority of the verses is a hopeful and pleasant thing, and makes the reader understand that the revival of interest in poetry, which began about twenty years ago, has had an important effect.

Mr. Stevenson, in considering the poetry from which he has made his selection, finds little notable verse for children; except possibly for Walter De La Mare, no one has arisen to take the place of Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley. Love, as usual, is a favorite theme, but the poets of to-day write about the tragedy and the irony of love rather than about its tender and sentimental aspects. "A great deal of good nature poetry is being written," he says, "with wanderlust much in the foreground, especially among the women." The newspaper columnists are supplying much of the humorous verse. The poetry evoked by the Great War describes its agony and its futility rather than its glory. The largest class of all, in the verse of to-day, is of a philosophic, reflective, and satiric character. Of the old-fashioned religious poetry there is very little, but that simply means that few of the poets adhere to the Fundamentalist conception of God and the universe.

It would be easy to say what this book contains and what it omits, or to commend it for this inclusion, and criticise some other omission. I would rather speak of the delight with which I first opened the book—a number of weeks after its publication—and of the pleasure I have had in re-reading some favorites, and the greater pleasure of making some discoveries. There are represented in it poets as old as Thomas Hardy, with others still in their twenties; poets as formal and academic as Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, and as eccentric as E. E. Cummings and Marianne Moore. (It is not by their eccentricities, but usually by their adherence to some form or other that poets get into anthologies, or into fame and remembrance.)

I have tried hard—but not very hard—to find something in the nature of adverse criticism to utter about this book, since a little judicious fault-finding is supposed to be the sign of the genuine critic. But it has been a tough row to hoe. Mr. Stevenson is a practiced hand at selecting poetry. Alfred Noyes is omitted altogether; there was exactly one of his poems which I wished to find here—"The Victory Ball." Perhaps some complication about copyright is the explanation. The verses chosen from the work of Patrick Chalmers would never be my choice, or, at any rate, I would not omit his poem about butterflies. But to say such things is not criticism; it is merely an expression of taste. So many times Mr. Stevenson's taste seems to me to be perfect; he chooses to include two sonnets by Eugene Lee-Hamilton, and they are, as they should be, the two called "The Death of Puck." No line among these twenty-eight is not exquisite, but certainly one cannot forget the closing sestet:

> And then the Wood-Mouse said: "We made the Mole
> Dig him a little grave beneath the moss,
> And four big Dormice placed him in the hole.
> The Squirrel made with sticks a little cross;—
> Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul;—
> And all we velvet-jackets mourn his loss."

Here is Young Ewing Allison's fine ballad "Derelict," and Stephen Benét's excellent "Ballad of William Sycamore." The versatile Hilaire Belloc is represented by some of his devout poetry, as well as by his pleasingly absurd adventures of Henry King, of which the opening stanza is:

> The Chief Defect of Henry King
> Was chewing little bits of String.
> At last he swallowed some which tied
> Itself in ugly Knots inside.

Herein you have, without needing to go to "The Flying Inn" for it, Chesterton's "The Rolling English Road." Three examples of Rose Fyleman's delicate art are included. Four delicious discoveries to me are Oliver Herford's "Mrs. Seymour Fentolin" and "The Women of the Better Class," and Christopher Morley's two poems in which he hymns a certain household pest—"Nursery Rhymes for the Tender-Hearted." It is rather odd that Mr. Morley's masterpiece of metrical skill should turn out to be a poem beginning—

> I knew a black beetle, who lived down a drain,
> And friendly he was, though his manners were plain;
> When I took a bath he would come up the pipe,
> And together we'd wash and together we'd wipe.
> . . . . . .
> Whenever he heard the tap splash in the tub
> He'd dash up the drain-pipe and wait for a scrub,
> And often, so fond of ablution was he,
> I'd find him there floating and waiting for me.

[1] The Home Book of Modern Verse: An Extension of the Home Book of Verse. Compiled and Arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $7.50.

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Perhaps my fondness for animals and my inclination toward nonsense verse leads me to give the impression by these quotations that this is an anthology of humorous poetry. It is, as a matter of fact, inclusive of all the thoughts and sentiments which have been expressed by the makers of music—poems of youth and age, poems of love, of nature, humorous verse, poems of patriotism and history, and poems of sorrow, death, and immortality. It should be said, for the benefit of those who look upon such a collection primarily as a book in which to hunt for some one desired item, that it is thoroughly and completely indexed, like its predecessor.

Among my discoveries in this delightful book is the rediscovery of Arthur Guiterman's "Little Ponds." It would be hard to find among all the thousand pages a more exquisite page than that which contains this poem of the Maine woods. Here are five of the nine stanzas:

The little ponds are bright and clear
  And soft of brink;
And after twilight when the deer
  Come down to drink,

And in their mirrors, coldly pure
  The moon is shown,
The moon, each little pond is sure
  Loves it alone.

Let not the little ponds be told
  That every night
On countless ponds as clear and cold
  Their moon is bright!

They do not guess that such things are
  For good or ill—
The strange high ways of moon and star;—
  And still, and still,

When hushed feet cross the beaver-dike
  And stars are strewn,
Each little pond, Endymion-like,
  Enfolds the moon.

But all attempts at conventional criticism, or estimates of the "balance" of the book, all comments on its arrangement, all opinions as to its value in the "study" of poetry, are really out of my province and purpose. I wish to commend it to you as a book to be enjoyed and loved. E. L. P.

FICTION

THE CAROLINIAN. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Mr. Sabatini, a British subject but Italian born, has given his public hitherto swift and stirring romances with settings in Italy, France, England, and upon the high seas; to these he now adds "The Carolinian," a novel of the Revolutionary period in our own country. It is full of adventure, love-making, and excitement, and the historic background has been as carefully studied and is no less faithfully presented than if Mr. Sabatini had been one of our native novelists, born and bred in the best traditions of the great G. W. and the cherry tree. But we think he made a mistake in naming his heroine Myrtle. In the era of our classically inclined forefathers she might possibly have been Myrtilla, but most improbably Myrtle, while their descendants in our day have come to associate the name of Myrtle with that of Gladys, and both with bobbed hair and chewing-gum.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PETER WILKINS. By Robert Paltock. Dulau & Co., London. 8s. 6d.

A novel first published anonymously in London in 1751. One of the first of that long line of romances in which the hero visits an imaginary country inhabited by strange beings. In this story they are flying men and women. This novel is said to have been enjoyed by Scott, Lamb, Coleridge, and others of their time. The illustrations are quaint.

BIOGRAPHY

SAINTE-BEUVE. By Lewis Freeman Mott. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

An admirably lucid and immensely informative life of Sainte-Beuve, so well arranged and indexed as to be an ideal text for collateral reading in a college course in French literature, and yet so free of a dryly academic view-point and of the usual apparatus of foot-notes and the like as to be of interest to the general reader. It is Dr. Mott's intention to treat the history of literature in his book, not as an abstract subject, but as the product of living human beings, reflecting their reactions on one another. Such an aim is an assurance of an impersonal consideration of Sainte-Beuve's sexual irregularities apart from his literary life, or intertwined with it, as in his novel "Volupté," which is a frank transcription of his liaison with Madame Hugo, who is Madame Couaën in the novel, as Amaury, the hero, is Sainte-Beuve himself.

THE LAST OF A RACE. By de Mercy Argenteau, Princesse de Montglyon. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $4.

A volume of far too intimate personal reminiscences by a lady whose family in recent years seems to have been singularly unworthy of the traditions of an ancient and honorable name. She has been also, on her own showing, scarcely less unfortunate in the majority of her associates—persons who appear as ignoble in character as most of them were aristocratic in birth and connections. Almost every royal or distinguished name which occurs in her narrative occurs in connection with something unpleasant. There have been within a few years a number of volumes, autobiographical, biographical, or reminiscent, chronicling life in court circles or aristocratic society abroad, which have been popular far beyond their deserts; but for some of these the excuse may fairly be offered that they do picture brilliant scenes brilliantly, do preserve some illuminating or diverting anecdotes, do add some minor scraps to history, which are humanly interesting or amusing even if they are wholly or semi-scandalous. No such apology can be made for the recollections of the Princesse de Montglyon. The book is both disagreeable and depressing.

Notes on New Books

EARLY CONNECTICUT ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN. By Frederic Fairchild Sherman. Frederic F. Sherman, New York. $7.59.

Alphabetical lists of architects, furniture makers, portrait painters, printers, sculptors, silversmiths, and other artists and craftsmen. Illustrated.

THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Five studies of the spiritual tradition in Christianity. By the Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard.

SUN BROTHERS. By Henry Williamson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Essays, by an English writer, on wild birds and animals.

REBEL SMITH. By Spencer Brodney. The Siebel Publishing Corporation, New York. $1.

A play of Australian life, in three acts.

HEBREW ILLUMINATION. By W. Winslow Hall. The C. W. Daniel Company, London. 15s.

"A study in essential religion" drawn from the Hebrew Scriptures.

MILAN AND LOMBARDY. By Edward Hutton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

An illustrated book on the cities and lake region of northern Italy.

THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT. By R. H. Tawney. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.

By a reader in economic history in the University of London.

FORUM PAPERS. Edited by Charles Robert Gaston. Duffield & Co., New York.

Second series of articles from the "Forum," edited for high school use.

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN. By Benjamin W. Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

"A Handbook for Christian Leaders," by the Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Chicago Theological Seminary.

COLDS. By Russell L. Cecil. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

How we catch colds in the head, what to do for them after we have caught them, and what we had better do in order not to catch them. By one of the teachers in the Cornell Medical College.

PRAIRIE FIRES. By Lorna Doone Beers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

A novel of the wheat-growing farms of Dakota.

IRELAND. By Stephen Gwynn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

The position of Ireland among the nations of the world to-day. A volume in "The Modern World" series.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN. By James Morier. Dulau & Co., Ltd., London.

A novel of Oriental life, first published in 1824.

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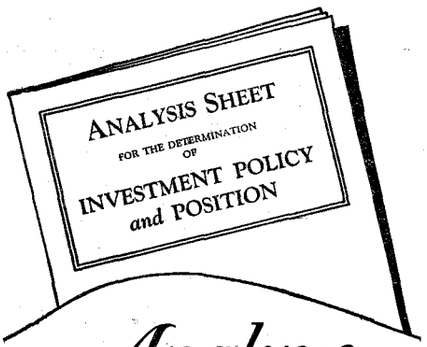

Analyze

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It will show how the structure of your investments may be improved

NOW you can analyze the general structure of your bond holdings yourself, by simply filling out a chart which we have devised for this purpose.

This chart is an adaptation, for the investor's own use, of the method we follow in making a more exhaustive analysis of bond holdings for banks, institutions and individuals whose lists are large and require periodic examination and study. It cannot take the place of expert analysis of the individual securities, but is a logical preliminary step.

Easy to use

All the instructions you need are included with this chart. It is laid out so that you can readily see what information should be entered and where. It takes but little time to chart the average list of bond holdings and see for yourself where the structure could be improved; discover how well the bonds are diversified, how maturities are distributed, etc.

The publication of this chart is in line with our policy of helping investors to know their requirements so that in buying bonds they will select issues which fit them. You need not be a customer of ours to get this chart. We shall be glad to send it to you without obligation.

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Investing in Homes

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

A FORM of investment which is still not as generally recognized as an investment by the public is the building and loan association share. It is, in effect, a first-mortgage bond secured by an American home, or, rather, by a great many American homes. Technically it differs from a bond, but we need not be too particular. The important fact is that in practically every community it is possible to invest, under careful safeguards, in the homes of that community. As to steadiness of income and safety of principal there is almost no risk. Marketability is equally sure. Appreciation of principal is, however, lacking.

H. F. Cellarius, secretary of the United States League of Associations, has thus explained the reasons for their remarkable growth:

"The building and loan associations are undoubtedly growing so rapidly because they are rendering a needed public service and because they are better meeting the requirements of the people than any other similar agency. By reason of their economical management, they are able to pay the investing member a better rate of return on his savings than any other kind of financial institution, and they offer the borrower better terms and a lower rate of interest for a loan than he can secure from any other loaning source. With these inducements for both the investor and the borrower, it is only necessary for the associations to bring them properly to the attention of the public to secure their patronage.

Just what are building and loan associations?

In different States they differ in detail, but not in essential purpose and structure. In Pennsylvania, where they were early founded, twelve men living in the same town may effect an organization and apply for a charter from the State Banking Department. If the Department finds the application to be in order, if the organizers are men of good repute, and if there is local need for an association, the charter is granted. Officers are then elected and the work of securing members—shareholders—is begun. Each member agrees to buy a certain amount of stock, usually at $200 par, and to make regular monthly payments till his shares are fully purchased. From the pool of money thus raised loans are made, secured by first mortgages on home property and by the shares themselves as collateral, or by share collateral only. The association is strictly co-operative, because you must be a stockholder in order to be a borrower, and one dollars-and-cents advantage is that the nominal rate of interest you pay on your loan is reduced by the interest credited you from the earnings on your shares.

In Massachusetts the typical building and loan association is called a co-operative bank. Here, as in Pennsylvania, where the growth and history of these institutions have been parallel, the charter must come from the State, and the State exercises supervision constantly. Directors and officers are elected by the shareholders, each shareholder having only one vote, irrespective of the number of shares owned. The capital is accumulated by selling shares on the installment plan or fully paid, the par being $200. If you buy your shares on the installment plan, you deposit one dollar a month as "dues." These monthly payments continue till, together with the profits or dividends on the shares being purchased, they reach the par of $200 each. The shareholder may then sell his share to the bank for par or he may hold it as an investment. In Massachusetts no one person may hold more than ten shares in any one co-operative bank—*i. e.*, he may not invest more than $2,000 in any single bank.

See what this plan does. In the first place, it demands regular, systematic saving. Practically, it compels systematic saving at a rate which the saver himself determines. Further, the savings are invested as soon as set aside in stock which pays, on the average, probably 5½ per cent. And, lastly, this stock is marketable through the bank, so that in case of emergency ready money can be

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obtained. The history of the building and loan associations of this country is an important chapter in the history of American thrift.

Now as to the real estate loans under the Massachusetts plan—and I cite Massachusetts because it is typical of the best building and loan association practice.

The chief investment for the funds of the co-operative bank is first-mortgage loans on real estate. Before the bank will make the loan the property must be inspected, for which the prospective borrower is charged a fee, and the application must be passed on by the security committee. On these loans the equity of the borrower, based on the valuation by the security committee, must be at least twenty per cent above all encumbrances when the security is improved real estate, and at least fifty per cent when the security is vacant land.

The borrower then gives his note for the loan, secured by a first mortgage on the property. As further security the note and mortgage contain a transfer and pledge of one share for each $200 of the loan. The maximum amount allowed in Massachusetts is $8,000 on any one piece of real estate. The bank holds the pledged shares together with the mortgage note, which provides that dues on the shares and interest on the loan shall be paid monthly till the shares reach their full value or the loan is otherwise canceled and discharged.

Look for a moment on the workings out of this in practice. A man desires to purchase a home worth $12,000. He applies to the co-operative, of which, we will suppose, he is not a member. He applies to the nearest co-operative because one basic principle is that of local loans. The security committee inspects and agrees that the property is worth $12,000. The bank, acting on this report, offers to loan $8,000, secured as above stated. But as the prospective home-owner possesses no shares, he must arrange to buy them. Since the loan is for $8,000 and the par of the shares $200, he has to purchase 40 shares at $1 a month each. And, since the bank requires 6 per cent interest on the money loaned, that is another dollar a month per share, or $40 more. This gives a total payment of $80 a month.

A little arithmetic will show that, since the loan is reduced by $40 each month, the interest should also be reduced by a few cents less than $1 a month. In practice, however, it is found better to have the payments continued at this rate, reducing instead the term of the loan by applying the surplus interest to the reduction of principal. If payments are

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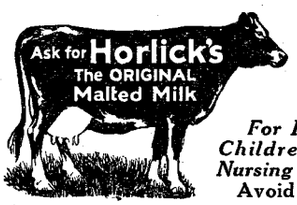

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I have gone into this system in some detail because it is necessary to understand the very great protection that is thrown about each loan, and hence that is offered to the purchaser of shares as an investment. Each loan is not only secured by a first mortgage on a home, but it is secured by collateral which constantly increases in value as the principal of the loan is gradually, month by month, paid up. The scheme is ingenious, convenient, self-sustaining, and extraordinarily safe and sound.

An official of the New Jersey Department of Banking and Insurance made this interesting statement in a public address:

"What is noteworthy in the city of Newark is a group, nearly all of whom are members of the Progress Club, and when our State League was visited by some men from other States I invited two men from Illinois, one of whom was President of the Illinois State League of Building and Loan Associations, to visit this Progress Club, and as I introduced them to one man after another I said: 'How many shares have you?' The answers were: 'One thousand,' 'One thousand three hundred,' 'Two thousand,' 'Four thousand,' 'Four thousand two hundred,' and so on. One of the partners of a fur-cutting firm said he had 4,800 shares. This man is paying annually into his associations, and he himself is the president of several, the amount of $57,600. Thousands of people in New York are becoming members of New Jersey building and loan associations, the usual subscription being at least one hundred shares."

To many of our readers there is nothing especially new in this article, but to many others it will bring, we hope, a fresh light on something about which they have heard but which they have never really investigated as a possible investment. There are advantages in such an investment from the tax point of view, as the Federal Government does not tax $300 of income from building and loan shares. As a "back-log" investment for almost any person building and loan or co-operative bank shares are nearly ideal.

Before investing, of course, investigate. There have been, and there still are, financial buzzards flying under the name of this excellent institution, or under names sufficiently similar to deceive. A very little inquiry locally should serve to separate the few goats from the sheep. This department will help its readers check up if desired.

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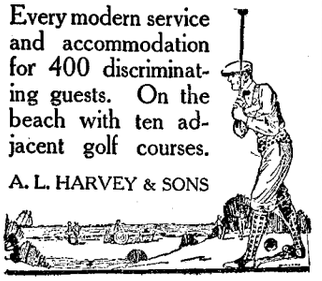

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SOCIAL secretary for exclusive Washington, D. C., school for girls. Young woman with good Washington connections preferred. Ability to organize sports and social life in the school. State age, education, and qualifications. 6,166, Outlook.

WANTED, mother's helper for four children, two of which attend school, ages 7½, 5½, 4½, and 1 year. Give references. Apply Mrs. W. H. Wonilow, 16 East High St., Lebanon, Pa.

WANTED, superintendent gentleman's estate near Tuxedo, including small dairy and poultry farm. Communicate by mail with Miss Hammond, 519 West 139th St., New York City.

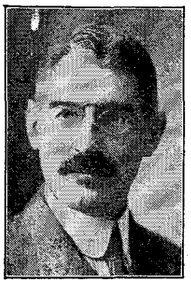
SITUATIONS WANTED

CHINESE student in Eastern theological seminary desires any kind of manly work in pleasant environment during all or part of summer. Good recommendations. 6,186, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED financial secretary, with B.S. degree, desires position. 6,177, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED gentlewoman as companion or chaperon and home maker. References exchanged. 6,188, Outlook.

Contributors' Gallery



ROBERT DE COURCY WARD is Professor of Climatology at Harvard University and the author of several books and contributions to scientific journals. He is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the Royal Meteorological Society of London. He is contributing editor of the "Geographical Review" and a former editor of the "American Meteorological Journal." He was a member of the Shaler Memorial Expedition to Brazil in 1908.

RAYMOND T. RICH is a recent addition to the list of Outlook contributors and to the magazine field in general. He is an instructor in the Canton Christian College in China.

"NEXT to the air of Albemarle County [Virginia] give me Arizona," wrote George Marvin, but that was before he had reached the coast. We don't know yet what California may have done to him. Since visiting Tucson and Phœnix Mr. Marvin has been to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, and Portland. After studying conditions in Vancouver for The Outlook, the next stepping-stone in his coast-to-coast journey will be Butte, Montana.

SITUATIONS WANTED

FOOD expert desires position as manager in school or club. 6,176, Outlook.

GRADUATE Swiss nurse, age 29, as governess or companion in private home. Speaks German and French. 6,183, Outlook.

HARVARD cum laude graduate, tutoring August, September. Camp experience. Languages especially. 6,187, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, experienced, desires position in school or institution. References. 6,197, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper or companion. Educated, cultured. H. G. Denny, 675 Missouri Ave., Cape May, N. J.

NURSE for invalid—experienced, reliable—desires engagement. Highest physician's reference. 6,184, Outlook.

REFINED American nursery governess. References. 6,195, Outlook.

WANTED — Middle-aged widow desires home. Companion to elderly woman, chaperon girls. Willing helper. American, Protestant. Reference A-1. 6,189, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as working superintendent of small institution, private school, social service club, or something worth while. Present position ten years. Married man. 6,182, Outlook.

YOUNG girl would like position as companion to lady—secretarial, household accounts, reading, etc. References furnished. 6,192, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG lady, teacher, normal school graduate, desires summer work; clerical experience; knowledge of typing. 5,194, Outlook.

YOUNG society lady would like to act as companion-chaperon to young American ladies. Excellent references. Box 1234, Dorland Agency, 14 Regent St., London, Eng.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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